Very rare

Hawkins believes that Thomas Kyd was the author of this rare piece.

Roxburghe copy fetched £1..1.
Rhodes' copy fetched £2..2.

This is the only edition which was ever printed

THE

TRAGEDIE OF *SOLIMON* AND *PERSEDA*.

Wherein is laide open, Loues constancie, Fortunes inconstancie, and Deaths Triumphs.

Newly corrected and amended.

Ascribed to Thomas Kyd.

AT LONDON
Printed by *Edward Allde*, for Edward White, and are to be solde at the little North doore of Paules Church, at the signe of the Gun.

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THE Tragedie of *Soliman* and *Perseda*.

ACTVS PRIMVS.

Enter Loue, Fortune, Death.

Loue.

WHat, *Death* and *Fortune* crosse the way of *Loue?*

For. Why, what is *Loue*, but *Fortunes* tenis-ball?

Death. Nay, what are you both, but subiects vnto *Death?*

And I commaund you to forbeare this place:
For heere the mouth of sad *Melpomene*,
Is wholy bent to tragedies discourse:
And what are tragedies but acts of death?
Here meanes the wrathfull muse in seas of teares,
And lowd laments to tell a dismall tale:
A tale wherein she lately hath bestowed,
The huskie humor of her bloudy quill,
And now for tables, takes her to her tung.

Loue. Why thinkes *Death*, *Loue* knowes not the historie,
Of braue *Erastus* and his Rodian dame?
Twas I that made their harts consent to loue,
And therefore come I now as fittest person,
To serue for Chorus to this Tragedie:
Had not I beene, they had not dyed so soone.

Death. Had I not beene, they had not dyed so soone.

For. Nay then it seemes you both doo misse the marke,
Did not I change long loue to sudden hate?
And then rechange their hatred into loue?
And then from loue deliuer them to death?
Fortune is Chorus, *Loue* and *Death* be gone.

Death. I tell thee *Fortune*, and thee wanton *Loue*,
I will not downe to euerlasting night,
Till I haue moralliz'd this Tragedie,
Whose cheefest actor was my sable dart.

Loue. Nor will I vp into the brightsome sphere,
From whence I sprung, till in the chorus place,
I make it knowne to you and to the world,
What interest *Loue* hath in Tragedies.

For. Nay then though *Fortune* haue delight in change,
Ile stay my flight, and cease to turne my wheele,
Till I haue shown by demonstration,
What intrest I haue in a Tragedie:
Tush, *Fortune* can doo more then *Loue* or *Death*.

Loue. Why stay we then, lets giue the Actors leaue,
And as occasion serues, make our returne. *Exeunt.*

Enter Erastus *and* Perseda.

Erast. Why when *Perseda*, wilt thou not assure me?
But shall I like a mastlesse ship at sea,
Goe euery way, and not the way I would?
My loue hath lasted from mine infancie,
And still increased as I grew my selfe.
When did *Perseda* pastime in the streetes,
But her *Erastus* ouer-eyed her sporte?
When didst thou with thy sampler in the Sunne,
Sit sowing with thy feres, but I was by,
Marking thy lilly hands dexteritie:
Comparing it to twenty gratious things.
When didst thou sing a note that I could heare,
But I haue framde a dittie to the tune,
Figuring *Perseda* twenty kinde of wayes.

When

When didst thou goe to Church on hollydaies,
But I haue waited on thee too and fro:
Marking my times, as Faulcons watch their flight,
When I haue mist thee how I haue lamented,
As if my thoughts had bene assured true.
Thus in my youth, now since I grew a man,
I haue persevered to let thee know,
The meaning of my true harts constancie:
Then be not nice *Perseda* as women woont
To hasty louers whose fancy soone is fled:
My loue is of a long continuance,
And merites not a strangers recompence.

Per. Enough *Erastus*, thy *Perseda* knowes,
She whom thou wouldst haue thine, *Erastus* knowes.

Erast. Nay my *Perseda* knowes, and then tis well.

Per. I watch you vantages, thine be it then,
I haue forgot the rest, but thats the effect:
Which to effect, accept this carkanet,
My Grandame on her death bed gaue it me,
And there, euen there, I vowd vnto my selfe,
To keepe the same, vntill my wandring eye,
Should finde a harbour for my hart to dwell,
Euen in thy brest doo I elect my rest,
Let in my hart to keepe thine company.

Erast. And sweet *Perseda* accept this ring,
To equall it, receiue my hart to boote,
It is no boote, for that was thine before:
And far more welcome is this change to me,
Then sunny dayes to naked Sauages,
Or newes of pardon to a wretch condemnd,
That waiteth for the fearefull stroke of death,
As carefull will I be to keepe this chaine,
As doth the mother keepe her children,
From water pits, or falling in the fire.
Ouer mine armour will I hang this chaine,
And when long combat makes my body faint,
The sight of this shall shew *Persedas* name,

And ad freſh courage to my fainting limbs.
This day the eger Turke of Tripolis,
The knight of Malta honoured for his worth,
And he thats titled by the golden ſpurre.
The Moore vpon his hot Barbarian horſe,
The fiery Spaniard bearing in his face,
The empreſſe of a noble warriour.
The ſudden Frenchman, and the bigbon'd Dane,
And Engliſh Archers, hardy men at armes,
Eclipped Lyons of the Weſterne worlde;
Each one of theſe approoued combatants,
Aſſembled from ſeuerall corners of the world,
Are hither come to trie their force in armes,
In honour of the Prince of Cypris nuptials.
Amongſt theſe worthies will *Eraſtus* troope,
Though like a Gnat amongſt a hiue of Bees:
Know me by this thy pretious carkanet,
And if I thriue, in valour as the glaſſe,
That takes the Sun-beames burning with his force:
Ile be the glaſſe, and thou that heauenly Sun,
From whence Ile borrow what I do atchieue:
And ſweet *Perſeda* vnnoted though I be,
Thy beauty yet ſhall make me knowne ere night.

Per. Yong ſlippes are neuer graſt in windy daies,
Yong ſcholers neuer entered with the rod,
Ah my *Eraſtus* there are Europes Knights,
That carry honour grauen in their helmes,
And they muſt winne it deere that winne it thence,
Let not my beauty prick thee to thy bane,
Better ſit ſtill then riſe and ouertane.

Eraſt. Counſell me not, for my intent is ſworne,
And be my fortune as my loue deſerues.

Per. So be thy fortune as thy features ſerue,
And then *Eraſtus* liues without compare.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Here comes a Meſſenger to haſt me hence,
I know your meſſage, hath the Princeſſe ſent for me?

Meſſen.

Messen. She hath, and desires you to consort her to the (triumphes.

Enter Piston.

Piston. Who saw my Master?
O sir, are you heere?
The Prince and all the outlandish Gentlemen,
Are ready to goe to the triumphs, they stay for you.

Erast. Goe sirra, bid my men bring my horse,
and a dosen staues.

Pist. You shall haue your horses and two dosen of staues.

Exit Piston.

Erast. Wish me good hap *Perseda* and Ile winne
Such glory, as no time shall ere race out,
Or end the period of my youth in blood.

Per. Such fortune as the good *Andromache*,
Wisht valiant *Hector* wounded with the Greekes,
I wish *Erastus* in his maiden warres.
Ore come with vallor these high minded Knights,
As with thy vertue thou hast conquered me,
Heauens heare my harty prayer and it effect. *Exeunt.*

Enter Philippo, *the Prince of Cipris*, Basiliseo, *and all the Knights.*

Phil. Braue Knights of Christendome, and turkish both,
Assembled heere in thirsty honors cause,
To be enrolled in the brasse leaued booke,
Of neuer wasting perpetuity.
Put Lambe-like mildenes to your Lyons strength,
And be our tilting like two brothers sports.
That exercise their warre with friendly blowes,
Braue Prince of Cipris, and our sonne in law,
Welcome these worthies by their seuerall countries,
For in thy honor hether are they come,
To grace thy nuptials with their deeds at armes.

Cipris. First welcome thrise renowned Englishman,
Graced by thy country, but ten times more
By thy approoued valour in the field,
Vpon the onset of the enemy,

What

What is thy motto when thou ſpurres thy horſe.

Engliſhman. In Scotland was I made a Knight at armes,
Where for my countries cauſe I chargde my Launce:
In France I tooke the Standerd from the King,
And giue the flower of Gallia in my creſt.
Againſt the light foote Iriſh haue I ſerued,
And in my skinne bare tokens of their skenes:
Our word of courage all the world hath heard,
Saint George for England, and Saint George for me.

Cipris. Like welcome vnto thee faire Knight of Fraunce,
Well famed thou art for diſcipline in warre,
Vpon the incounter of thine enemy,
What is thy mot renowned Knight of Fraunce?

Frenchman. In Italy I put my Knighthood on,
Where in my ſhirt but with a ſingle Rapier,
I combated a Romane much renownd,
His weapons point impoiſoned for my bane,
And yet my ſtarres did bode my victory,
Saint Denis is for Fraunce, and that for me.

Cipris. Welcome *Caſtilian* too amongſt the reſt,
For fame doth ſound thy valour with the reſt:
Vpon thy firſt encounter of thy foe,
What is thy word of courage braue man of Spaine?

Spaniard. At foureteene yeeres of age was I made Knight,
When twenty thouſand Spaniards were in field,
What time a daring Rutter made a challenge,
To change a bullet with our ſwift flight ſhot,
And I with ſingle heed and leuell hit,
The haughty challenger and ſtrooke him dead,
The golden Fleece is that we cry vpon,
And Iaques, Iaques, is the Spaniards choiſe.

Cipris. Next welcome vnto thee renowned Turke,
Not for thy lay, but for thy worth in armes:
Vpon the firſt braue of thine enemy,
What is thy noted word of charge, braue Turke?

Bruſer. Againſt the Sophy in three pitched fields,
Vnder the conduct of great *Soliman*,

Haue

Haue I beene chiefe commaunder of an hoast,
And put the flint heart Persians to the sword,
The desert plaines of Affricke haue I staind,
With blood of Moores, and there in three set battels fought,
Marcht conqueror through Asia,
Along the coasts held by the Portinguize,
Euen to the verge of golde, aboording Spaine,
Hath *Brusor* led a valiant troope of Turkes,
And made some Christians kneele to *Mahomet*:
Him we adore, and in his name I crie,
Mahomet for me and *Soliman*.

Cip. Now Signeur *Basiliſco* you we know,
And therefore giue not you a strangers welcome,
You are a Rutter borne in Germanie,
Vpon the first encounter of your foe:
What is your braue vpon the enemy?

Basi. I fight not with my tongue, this is my Oratrix.
Laying his hand vpon his sword.

Cip. Why Signeur *Basiliſco*, is it a she sword?

Basi. Land so are all blades with me: behold my instance,
Perdie, each female is the weaker vessell,
And the vigour of this arme infringeth
The temper of any blade, quoth my assertion,
And thereby gather, that this blade being approoued weaker
than this lim, may very well beare a feminine Epitheton.

Cip. Tis well prooued, but whats the word that glories your
(countrey?

Basi. Sooth to say, the earth is my countrey,
As the aire to the fowle, or the marine moisture
To the red guild fish: I repute my selfe no coward:
For humilitie shall mount.
I keepe no table to character my fore-passed conflicts,
As I remember, there happened a sore drought
In some part of Belgia, that the iucie grasse,
Was seared with the Sunne Gods Element.
I held it pollicie, to put the men children
Of that climate to the sword,
That the mothers teares might releeue the parched earth.

The men died, the women wept, and the graſſe grew,
Els had my Frize-land horſe periſhed,
Whoſe loſſe would haue more grieued me,
Than the ruine of that whole Countrey.
Vpon a time in Ireland I fought,
On horſebacke with an hundred Kernes,
From *Titans* Eaſterne vprize, to his Weſterne downe-fall:
Inſomuch that my Steed began to faint;
I coniecturing the cauſe to be want of water, diſmounted:
In which place there was no ſuch Element,
Enraged therefore with this Senitor,
All on foote like an Herculian of-ſpring,
Endured ſome three or foure houres combat,
In which proceſſe, my body diſtil'led ſuch dewy ſhowers of (ſwet,
That from the warlike wrinckles of my front,
My Palfray coold his thirſt.
My mercy in conqueſt, is equall with my manhood in fight,
The teare of an infant, hath bin the ranſome of a conquered citie,
Whereby I purchaſed the ſurname of *Pities adamant.*
Rough wordes blowe my choller,
As the winde dooth Mulcibers worke houſe,
I haue no word, becauſe no countrey,
Each place is my habitation,
Therefore each countries word mine to pronounce.
Princes, what would you?
I haue ſeene much, heard more, but done moſt,
To be briefe, hee that will trie mee, let him waſt me with his (arme.
I am his, for ſome fiue launces.
Although it go againſt my ſtarres to ieſt,
Yet to gratulate this beninge Prince,
I will ſuppreſſe my condition.

Philip. He is beholding to you greatly ſir:
Mount ye braue Lordings, forwards to the tilt,
My ſelfe will cenſure of your chiualrie,
And with impartiall eyes behold your deedes,
Forward braue Ladies, place you to behold
The faire demeanor of theſe warlike Knights. *Exeunt.*

A Inet.

Manet Basilisco.

Bas. I am melancholy: an humor of Venus beleagereth me.
I haue reiected with contemptable frownes,
The sweet glances of many amorous girles or rather ladies,
But certes, I am now captiuated with the reflecting eye
Of that admirable comet *Perseda*.
I will place her to behold my triumphes,
And do wonders in hir sight,
O heauens she comes, accompanied with a child,
Whose chin beares no impression of manhood,
Not an hayre, not an excrement.

Enter Erastus, Perseda, *and* Pystan.

Eras. My sweet *Perseda*,

Exeunt Erastus *and* Perseda.

Bas. Peace Infant thou blasphemest.

Pist. You are deceiued sir, he swore not.

Bas. I tell thee Iester he did worse, he cald that Ladie his!

Pist. Iester: *O extempore, o flores!*

Bas. O harsh vn-edicate, illiterate pesant,
Thou abusest the phrase of the Latine.

Pist. By gods fish friend, take you the Latins part, ile abuse you to.

Bas. What saunce dread of our indignation?

Pist. Saunce: what languidge is that?
I thinke thou art a word maker by thine occupation,

Bas. I, termest thou me of an occupation,
Nay then this fierie humor of choller is suppresst,
By the thought of loue. Faire Ladie,

Pist. Now by my troth she is gon.

Bas. I, hath the Infant transported her hence,
He saw my anger figured in my brow,
And at his best aduantage stole away,
But I will follow for reuenge.

Pist. Naye, but here you sir,
I must talke with you before you goe.

Then Piston *gets on his back, and puls him downe.*

Bas. O if thou beest magnanimious, come before me.

Pist. Nay, if thou beest a right warrior, get from vnder me.

Baſ. What wouldſt thou haue me a *Typhon*,
To beare vp *Pelion* or *Oſſa*?
Piſt. *Typhon* me no *Typhons*,
But ſweare vpon my Dudgin dagger,
Not to go till I giue thee leaue,
But ſtay with me, and looke vpon the tilters.
Baſ. O thou ſeekſt thereby to dim my glory.
Piſt. I care not for that, wilt thou not ſweare?
Baſ. O I ſweare, I ſweare,
He ſweareth him on his dagger.
Piſt. By the contents of this blade.
Baſ. By the contents of this blade.
Piſt. I the aforeſaid *Baſiliſco*.
Baſ. I the aforeſaid *Baſiliſco*,
Knight good fellow, Knight, Knight.
Piſt. Knaue good fellow, knaue, knaue,
Will not offer to go from the ſide of *Piſton*.
Baſ. Will not offer to go from the ſide of *Piſton*.
Piſt. Without the leaue of the ſaid *Piſton* obtained,
Baſ. Without the leaue of the ſaid *Piſton*,
Licenſed, obtained and granted.
Piſt Inioy thy life and liue, I giue it thee.
Baſ. I inioy my life at thy hands, I confeſſe it,
I am vp, but that I am religious in mine oath.
Piſt. What would you do ſir, what would you do,
Will you vp the ladder ſir, and ſee the tilting.
Then they ge vp the ladders, and they ſound within to the firſt courſe.
Baſ. Better a Dog fawne on me, then barke.
Piſt. Now ſir, how likes thou this courſe.
Baſ. Their Launces were coucht too hie,
And their Steedes ill borne.
Piſt. It may be ſo, it may be ſo,
Sound to the ſecond courſe.
Now ſir, how like you this courſe.
Baſ. Prettie, prettie, but not famous,
Well for a learner, but not for a warriour.

Piſt.

Pist. By my faith me thought it was excellent.

Bas. I in the eye of an infant, a Peacocks taile is glorious.

Sound to the third course.

Pist. O well ran, the baye horse with the blew taile,
And the siluer knight, are both downe,
By Cocke and Pie, and Mouse foote,
The Englishman is a fine Knight.

Bas. Now by the marble face of the Welkin,
Hee is a braue warriour.

Pist. What an oath is there, fie vpon thee extortioner.

Bas. Now comes in the infant that courts my mistresse.

Sound to the fourth course.

Oh that my launce were in my rest,
And my Beauer closd for this encounter.

Pist. O well ran, my maister hath ouerthrowne the Turke.

Bas. Now fie vpon the Turke,
To be dismounted by a Childe it vexeth me.

Sound to the fift course.

Pist. O well ran maister, he hath ouerthrowne the French-man.

Bas. It is the fury of his horse, not the strength of his arme.
I would thou wouldst remit my oath,
That I might assaile thy maister.

Pist. I giue thee leaue, go to thy destruction,
But syrra wheres thy horse?

Bas. Why my Page stands holding him by the bridle.

Pist. Well goe mount thee, goe.

Bas. I go, and Fortune guide my Launce.

Exit Basiliſco.

Pist. Take the braginst knaue in Christendom with thee:
Truly I am sorrie for him,
He iust like a Knight, heele iust like a Iade.
It is a world to heere the foole prate and brag,
He will iet as if it were a Goose on a greene:
He goes many times supperles to bed,
And yet he takes Phisick to make him leane.
Last night he was bidden to a Gentlewomans to supper,
And because he would not be put to carue,

He wore his hand in a scarfe, and said he was wounded:
He weares a coloured lath in his scabberd,
And when twas found vpon him, he said he was wrathfull,
He might not weare iron. He weres Ciuet,
And when it was askt him, where he had that muske,
He said, all his kindred smelt so:
Is not this a counterfet foole?
Well ile vp and see how he speedes.

Sound the sixt course,

Now by the faith of a squire, he is a very faint knight,
Why my maister hath ouerthrowne him
And his Curtall, both to the ground,
I shall haue olde laughing,
It will be better then the Fox in the hole for me.

Sound: Enter Philippo, Erastus, Ferdinando, Lucina, *and all the Knights.*

Cipr. Braue Gentlemen, by all your free consents,
This Knight vnknowne, hath best demeand himselfe;
According to the proclimation made,
The prize and honor of the day is his,
But now vnmaske thy selfe, that we may see,
What warlike wrinckles time hath charactered,
With ages print vpon thy warlike face.

English. Accord to his request, braue man at armes,
And let me see the face that vanquished me,

French. Vnmaske thy selfe, thou well approoued knight.

Turke. I long to see thy face braue warriour.

Luci. Nay valiant sir, we may not be denide,
Faire Ladies should be coye to showe their faces,
Least that the sun should tan them with his beames,
Ile be your Page this ohee, for to disarme you.

Pist. Thats the reason, that he shall helpe
Your husband to arme his head,
Oh the pollicie of this age is wonderfull.

Phillip. What yong *Erastus*, is it possible?

Cipr. Erastus be thou honoured for this deed.

English. So yong, and of such good accomplishment,

Thrine

Thriue faire beginner as this time doth promise,
In vertue, valour and all worthines:
Giue me thy hand, I vow my selfe thy friend.
Erast. Thankes worthy sir, whose fauourable hand,
Hath entred such a yongling in the warre,
And thankes vnto you all, braue worthy sirs,
Impose me taske, how I may doe you good,
Erastus will be dutifull in all.
Phil. Leaue protestations now, and let vs hye,
To tread lauolto, that is womens walke,
There spend we the remainder of the day.
Exeunt. Manet Ferdinando.
Ferdi. Though ouer-borne, and foyled in my course,
Yet haue I partners in mine infamy.
Tis wondrous, that so young a toward warrieur,
Should bide the shock of such approoued knights,
As he this day hath matcht and mated too,
But vertue should not enuy good desert,
Therefore *Erastus* happy, laude thy fortune,
But my *Lucina*, how she changed her colour,
When at the encounter I did loose a stirrop,
Hanging her head as partner of my shame.
Therefore now will I goe visit her,
And please her with this Carcanet of worth,
Which by good fortune I haue found to day,
When valour failes then must golde make the way. *Exit.*
Enter Basiliſco *riding of a Mule.*
Bas. O cursed *Fortune* enemy to *Fame*,
Thus to disgrace thy honored name,
By ouerthrowing him that far hath spred thy praise,
Beyond the course of *Titans* burning raies.
Enter Piston.
Page set a side the iesture of my enemy,
Giue him a Fidlers fee, and send him packing.
Pist. Ho, God saue you sir, haue you burst your shin,
Bas. I villaine, I haue broke my shin bone,
My backe bone, my channell bone, and my thigh bone,

He

Beside two dossen of small inferior bones.

Pist. A shrewd losse by my faith sir,
But wheres your coursers tayle?

Bas. He lost the same in seruice,

Pist. There was a hot piece of seruise where he lost his taile
But how chance his nose is slit?

Bas. For presumption, for couering the Emperors Mare,

Pist. Marry a foule fault, but why are his eares cut?

Bas. For neighing in the Emperors court.

Pist. Why then thy horse hath bin a Colt in his time,

Bas. True, thou hast said.
O touch not the cheeke of my Palphrey,
Least he dismount me while my wounds are greene,
Page, run, bid the surgion bring his incision.
Yet stay Ile ride along with thee my selfe. *Exit.*

Pist. And Ile beare you company,

Piston getteth vp on his Asse, and rideth with him to the doore, and meeteth the Cryer.

Enter the Cryer.

Pist. Come sirra, let me see how finely youle cry this chaines.

Cryer. Why what was it worth? (worth,

Pist. It was worth more, then thou and all thy kin are

Cry. It may be so, but what must he haue that findes it?

Pist. Why a hundred Crownes.

Cry. Why then Ile haue ten for the crying of it.

Pist. Ten Crownes, and had but sixe pence,
For crying a little wench of thirty yeeres olde and vpwardes,
That had lost her selfe betwixt a Tauerne and a bawdy house.

Cry. I that was a wench, and this is Gólde,
She was poore, but this is rich.

Pist Why then by this reckoning, a Hackney man
Should haue ten shillings for horsing a Gentlewoman,
Where he hath but ten pence of a begger.

Cry. Why and reason good,
Let them pay that best may,
As the Lawyers vse their rich Clyants,

When

When they let the poore goe vnder *Forma pauperis.*

Pist. Why then I pray thee cry the chayne for me,

Sub forma pauperis.

For money goes very low with me at this time.

Crier. I sir, but your master is, though you be not.

Pist. I but he must not know,
That thou tryest the chaine for me,
I doe but vse thee to saue me a labour,
That am to make inquiry after it.

Cri. Well sir, youle see me considered, will you not?

Pist. I marry will I, why what lighter paiment can there be, then consideration.

Cri. O yes.

Enter Erastus.

Erast. How now sirra, what are you crying?

Cri. A chaine sir a chaine, that your man bad me cry.

Erast. Get you away sirra, I aduise you
Meddle with no chaines of mine. *Exit* Cryer.
You paltry knaue, how durst thou be so bou'd,
To cry the chaine, when I bid thou shouldst not,
Did I not bid thee onely vnderhand,
Make priuie inquirie for it through the towne,
Least publike rumour might aduertise her,
Whose knowledge were to me a second death?

Pist. Why would you haue me runne vp and downe the towne? and my shooes are doone.

Erast. What you want in shooes, ile giue you in blowes.

Pist. I pray you sir hold your hands,
And as I am an honest man,
Ile doe the best I can to finde your chaine. *Exit* Piston.

Erast. Ah treacherous *Fortune*, enemy to *Loue*,
Didst thou aduaunce me for my greater fall,
In dalying war, I lost my chiefest peace,
In hunting after praise, I lost my loue,
And in loues shipwracke will my life miscarrie,
Take thou the honor and giue me the chaine,
Wherein was liukt the the sum of my delight.

When she deliuered me the Carkanet,
Keep it quoth she, as thou wouldst keep my selfe:
I kept it not, and therefore she is lost,
And lost with her is all my happinesse,
And losse of happines is worse then death.
Come therefore gentle death and ease my griefe,
Cut short what malice *Fortune* misintends,
But stay a while good *Death*, and let me liue,
Time may restore what *Fortune* tooke from me,
Ah no, great losses sildome are restord.
What if my chaine shall neuer be restord,
My innocence shall cleare my negligence.
Ah! but my loue is ceremonious,
And lookes for iustice at her louers hand,
Within forst furrowes of her clowding brow,
As stormes that fall amid a sun shine day,
I read her iust desires, and my decay. *Exit.*

Enter Solyman, Haleb, Amarath, *and Ianesaries.*

Soly. I long till *Brusor* be returnde from *Rhodes*,
To know how he hath borne him gainst the Christians,
That are assembled there to try their valour,
But more to be well assured by him.
How *Rhodes* is fenc'd, and now I best may lay,
My neuer failing siegd to win that plot,
For by the holy Alcaron I sweare,
Ile call my Souldiers home from *Persia*,
And let the Sophie breath, and from the *Russian* broiles
Call home my hardy, dauntlesse Ianisaries,
And from the other skirts of Christendome,
Call home my Bassowes and my men of war,
And so beleager *Rhodes* by sea and land,
That Key will serue to open all the gates,
Through which our passage cannot finde a stop,
Till it haue prickt the heart of Christendome,
Which now that paltry Iland keeps from scath.

Say

Say brother *Amurath*, and *Haleb*, say,
What thinke you of our resolution?

Amu. Great *Soliman*, heauens onely substitute,
And earths commander vnder Mahomet:
So counsell I, as thou thy selfe hast said.

Haleb. Pardon me dread Soueraigne, I hold it not
Good pollicie, to call your forces home
From *Persea* and *Polonia*, bending them
Vpon a paltrie Ile of small defence.
A common presse of base superfluous Turkes,
May soone be leuied for so slight a taske.
Ah *Soliman*, whose name hath shakt thy foes,
As withered leaues with Autumne thrown downe,
Fog not thy glory with so fowle eclipse,
Let not thy Souldiers sound a base retire,
Till *Persea* stoope, and thou be conquerour.
What scandall were it to thy mightinesse,
After so many valiant Bassowes slaine,
Whose bloud hath bin manured to their earth,
Whose bones hath made their deepe waies passable,
To sound a homeward, dull, and harsh retreate,
Without a conquest, or a meane reuenge,
Striue not for *Rhodes*, by letting *Persea* slip,
The ones a Lyon almost brought to death,
Whose skin will counteruaile the hunters toile;
The other is a Waspe with threatning sting,
Whose Hunny is not worth the taking vp.

Amu. Why *Haleb* didst thou not heare our brother sweare,
Vpon the Alcaron religiously:
That he would make an vniuersall Campe
Of all his scattered Legions: and darest thou
Infer a reason why it is not meete,
After his Highnes sweares it shall be so,
Were it not thou art my fathers sonne,
And striuing kindnes wrestled not with ire,
I would not hence, till I had let thee know,
What twere to thwart a Monarchs holy oath.

Haleb. Why, his highnes gaue me leaue to speake my will,
And farre from flattery I spoke my minde,
And did discherge a faithfull subiects loue,
Thou *Aristippus* like didst flatter him,
Not like my brother, or a man of worth:
And for his highnesse vowe, I crost it not,
But gaue my censure, as his highnesse bad,
Now for thy chastisment know *Amurath*,
I scorne them as a retchlesse Lion scornes,
The humming of a Gnat in Summers night.

Amur. I take it *Haleb* thou art friend to Rhodes.

Haleb. Not half so much am I a friend to Rhodes,
As thou art enemy to thy Soueraigne:

Amur. I charge thee say wherein, or else by Mahomet,
Ile hazard dutie in my Soueraignes presence.

Haleb. Not for thy threats but for my selfe I say,
It is not meete, that one so base as thou,
Should'st come about the person of a King.

Soli. Must I giue aime to this presumption?

Amur. Your Highnesse knowes, I spake in dutious loue.

Haleb. Your Highnesse knowes I spake at your commaund,
And to the purpose, far from flattery.

Amur. I thinks thou I flatter, now I flatter not,

Then he kils Haleb.

Soli. What dismall Planets guides this fatall howre,
Villaine, thy brothers grones do call for thee.

Then Soliman *kils* Amurath.

To wander with them through eternall night.

Amu. Oh *Souman* for louing thee I die:

Soli No *Amurath*, for murthering him thou dyest;
Oh *Haleb* how shall I begin to mourne,
Or how shall I begin to shed salt teares,
For whom no wordes nor teares can well suffice;
Ah that my rich imperiall Diadem,
Could satisfie thy cruell destinie:
Or that a thousand of our Turkish soules,
Or twenty thousand millions of our foes,

Could

Could ransome thee from fell deaths tirannie,
To win thy life, would *Soliman* be poore,
And liue in seruile bondage all my dayes,
Accursed *Amurath*, that for a worthlesse cause,
In bloud hath shortned our sweet *Halebs* dayes,
Ah what is dearer bond then brotherhood,
Yet *Amurath* thou wert my brother too,
If wilfull folly did not blinde mine eyes,
I, I, and thou as vertuous as *Haleb*,
And I as deare to thee as vnto *Haleb*,
And thou as neere to me as *Haleb* was,
Ah *Amurath*: why wert thou so vnkinde to him,
For vttering but a thwarting word?
And *Haleb*, why did not thy harts counsell,
Bridle the fond intemperance of thy tongue?
Nay wretched *Soliman*, why didst not thou
Withhould thy hand, from heaping bloud on bloud,
Might I not better spare one ioy then both,
If loue of *Haleb* forst me on to wrath,
Curst be that wrath that is the way to death,
If iustice forst me on, curst be that iustice
That makes the brother, Butcher of his brother,
Come Ianisaries, and helpe me to lament,
And beare my ioyes on either side of me:
I, late my ioyes, but now my lasting sorrow,
Thus, thus, let *Soliman* passe on his way,
Bearing in either hand his hearts decay. *Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Loue. Now *Death* and *Fortune* which of all vs three,
Hath in the Actors showne the greatest power.
Haue not I taught *Erastus* and *Perseda*,
By mutuall tokens to seale vp their loues?

Fortune. I but those tokens, the Ring and Carkanet,
Were *Fortunes* gifts, *Loue* giues no gould or iewels.

Loue. Why what is iewels, or what is gould but earth,
An humor knit together by compression,

And by the worlds bright eye, first brought to light,
Onely to feed mens eyes with vaine delight.
Loues workes are more then of a mortall temper,
I couple minds together by consent.
Who gaue Rhodes Princes to the Ciprian Prince: but *Loue*.
For. *Fortune* that first by chance brought them together,
For till by *Fortune* persons meete each other,
Thou canst not teach their eyes to wound their hearts.
Loue. I made those Knights of seuerall sect and countries,
Each one by armes to honor his beloued.
For. Nay one alone to honor his beloued,
The rest by turning of my tickle wheele,
Came short in reaching of faire honors marke:
I gaue *Erastus* onely that dayes prize,
A sweet renowne, but mixt with bitter sorrow:
For in conclusion of his happines,
I made him loose the pretious Carcanet,
Whereon depended all his hope and ioy.
Death. And more then so: for he that found the chaine,
Euen for that Chaine shall be depriued of life.
Loue. Besides, *Leuc* hath inforst a foole,
The fond Bragardo to presume to armes.
For. I but thou seest how he was onerthrowne,
By *Fortunes* high displeasure.
Death. I and by *Death* had beene surpris'd,
If Fates had giuen me leaue:
But what I mist in him and in the rest,
I did accomplish on *Haleb* and *Amurath*,
The worthy brethren of great *Soliman*,
But wherefore stay we, let the sequele prooue,
Who is greatest, *Fortune*, *Death*, or *Loue*. *Exeunt*.

Enter Ferdinando *and* Lucina.

Fer. As fits the time, so now well fits the place,
To coole affection with our words and lookes,
If in our thoughts be semblance simpathie.
Luci. My words, my lookes, my thoughts are all on thee;

Fer.

Ferdinando is *Lucinaes* onely ioy.

Fer. What pledge thereof?

Luci. An oath, a hand, a kisse.

Ferdi. O holy oath, faire hand, and sugred kisse:
Oh neuer may *Ferdinando* leck such bliss.
But say my deare, when shall the gates of heauen,
Stand all wide ope for celestiall Gods?
With gladsome lookes to gase at *Hymens* robes.
When shall the graces, or *Lucinas* hand,
With Rosie chaplets deck my golden tresses,
And Cupid bring me to thy nuptiall bed,
Where thou in ioy and pleasure must attend,
A blissfull war with me thy chiefest friend.

Luci. Full fraught with loue, and burning with desire,
I long haue longd for light of *Hymens* lights.

Ferdi. Then that same day, whose warme & pleasant sight
Brings in the spring, with many gladsome flowers,
Be our first day of ioy and perfect peace:
Till when, receiue this precious Carcanet,
In signe, that as the linkes are interlaced,
So both our hearts are still combind in one,
Which neuer can be parted but by death.

Enter Basilisco *and* Perseda.

Luci. And if I liue this shall not be forget:
But see *Ferdinando* where *Perseda* comes,
Whom women loue for vertue, men for beauty,
All the world loues, none hates but enuy.

Bas. All haile braue Cauelere: God morrow madam,
The fairest shine that shall this day be seene.
Except *Persedas* beautious excellence,
Shame to loues Queene, and Empresse of my thoughts.

Ferdi. Marry thrise happy is *Persedas* chance,
To haue so braue a champion to her Squire,

Bas. Her Squire: her knight, and who so else denies,
Shall feele the rigour of my Sword and Launce.

Ferdi. O sir, not I.

Luci. Heere is none but freinds, yet let me challenge you,

For

For gracing me with a malignant ſtile,
That I was faireſt, and yet *Perſeda* fayrer.
We Ladie, ſtand vpon our beauties much.
Per Herein *Lucina* let me buckler him,
Baſ. Not Mars himſelfe had eare ſo faire a Buckler.
Per. Loue makes him b'inde,
And blinde can iudge no colour.
Luci. Why then the mends is made, and we ſtill friends.
Per. Still friends, ſtill foes, ſhe weares my Carcanet.
Ah falſe *Eraſtus*, how am I betraid.
Luci. What ailes you madam, that your coulor changes.
Per. A ſudden qualme, I therefore take my leaue.
Luci. Weele bring you home.
Per. No, I ſhall ſoone get home.
Luci. Why then farewell: *Fernando* lets away.
Exeunt Ferdinando *and* Lucina.
Baſ. Say worlds bright ſtarre,
Whence ſprings this ſuddaine change,
Is it vnkindneſs at the little praiſe
I gaue *Lucina* with my gloſing ſtile?
Per. No, no, her beautie far ſurpaſſeth mine,
And from my neck, her neck hath woone the praiſe.
Baſ. What is it then, if loue of this my perſon,
By fauour and by iuſtice of the heauens,
At laſt haue perc't through thy tralucent breſt,
And thou miſdoubts, perhaps that ile proue coye,
Oh be aſſur'd tis far from noble thoughts,
To tyranniſe ouer a yeelding foe.
Therefore be blithe, ſweete loue abandon feare,
I will forget thy former crueltie.
Per. Ah falſe *Eraſtus* full of treacherie.
Baſ. I alwayes told you that ſuch coward knights,
Were faithleſſe ſwaines and worthie no reſpect,
But tell me ſweete loue, what is his offence?
That I with words and ſtripes may chaſtice him,
And bring him bound for thee to tread vpon.
Per. Now muſt I find the meanes to rid him hence.

Go

Goe thou foorthwith arme thee from top to toe,
And come an houre hence vnto my lodging.
Then will I tell thee this offence at large,
And thou in my behalfe shalt worke reuenge.

Bas. I, thus should men of valour be emploide,
This is good argument of thy true loue.
I go, make reconing that *Erastus* dyes,
Vnlesse forewarnd, the weakling coward flies.

Exit Basiliſco.

Per. Thou foolish coward flies, *Erastus* liues,
The faireſt shape, but fowleſt minded man,
That ere sunne saw within our hemyspheare,
My tongue to tell my woes is all too weake,
I must vnclaspe me, or my heart will breake:
But inward cares are most pent in with griefe,
Vnclásping therefore yeelds me no releefe,
Ah that my moyst and cloud compacted braine,
Could spend my cares in showers of weeping raine.
But scalding sighes like blasts of boisterous windes,
Hinder my teares from falling on the ground,
And I must dye by closure of my wound.
Ah false *Erastus*, how had I misdoone,
That thou shouldst quit my loue with such a scorne?

Enter Erastus.

Heere comes the Synon of my heart,
Ile frame my selfe to his dissembling arte.

Erast. Desire perswades me on, feare puls me backe,
Tush I will to her, innocence is bould,
How fares *Perseda* my sweet second selfe?

Per. Well, now *Erastus* my hearts onely ioy,
Is come to ioyne both hearts in vnion,

Erast. And till I came whereas my loue did dwell,
My pleasure was but paine, my solace woe.

Per. What loue meanes my *Erastus*, pray thee tell?

Erast. Matchlesse *Perseda*, she that gaue me strength,
To win late conquest from many victors hands,
Thy name was conquerour, not my chiualry:

Thy lookes did arme me, not my coate of steele,
Thy beauty did defend me, not my force,
Thy fauours bore me, not my light foote Steed,
Therefore to thee I owe both loue and life,
But wherefore makes *Perseda* such a doubt,
As if *Erastus* could forget himselfe:
Which if I doe all vengeance light on me.

Per. Aye me, how graceless are these wicked men,
I can no longer hold my patience.
Ah how thine eyes can forge alluring lookes,
And faine deep oathes to wound poore silly Maides,
Are there no honest drops in all thy cheekes,
To checke thy fraudfull countenance with a blush?
Call'st thou me loue, and loue'st another better,
If heauens were iust, thy teeth would teare thy tongue,
For this thy periurde false disloyalty.
If heauens were iust, men should haue open brests,
That we therein might read their guiletull thoughts.
If heauens were iust, that power that forceth loue,
Would neuer couple Wolues and Lambes together.
Yes, heauens are iust, but thou art so corrupt,
That in thee, all their influence doth change,
As in the spider good things turne to poison.
Ah false *Erastus*, how had I misdone?
That thou shouldst pawne my true affections pledge,
To her whose worth will neuer equall mine.
What, is *Lucinaes* wealth exceeding mine?
Yet mine sufficient to encounter thine.
Is she more faire then I? thats not my fault,
Nor her desart: whats beauty but a blast?
Soone cropt with age, or with infirmities.
Is she more wise? her yeeres are more then mine,
What ere she be, my loue was more then hers,
And for her chastity let others iudge.
But what talke I of her? the fault is thine,
If I were so disgratious in thine eye,
That she must needes inioy my interest,

Why

Why didst thou deck her with my ornament?
Could nothing serue her but the Carcanet,
Which as my life I gaue to thee in charge?
Couldst thou abuse my true simplicitie,
Whose greatest fault was ouer louing thee?
Ile keepe no tokens of thy periury.
Heere giue her this. *Perseda* now is free,
And all my former loue is turnd to hate.
Erast. Ah stay my sweete *Perseda* heare me speake.
Per. What are thy words? but Syrens guilefull songs:
That please the eare, but seeke to spoile the heart.
Erast. Then view my teares, that plead for innocence.
Per. What are thy teares? but *Circes* magike seas,
Where none scape wrackt, but blindfould Marriners.
Erast. If words & teares displease, then view my lookes,
That plead for mercy at thy rigorous hands.
Per. What are thy lookes? but like the Cockatrice,
That seekes to wound poore silly passengers.
Erast. If words, nor teares, nor lookes, may win remorse,
What then remainer for my perplexed heart?
Hath no interpreters but words, or teares, or lookes?
Perse. And they are all as false as thou thy selfe.
Exit Perseda.
Erast. Hard doome of death before my case be knowne,
My iudge vniust, and yet I cannot blame her,
Since Loue and iealousie misled her thus,
My selfe in fault, and yet not worthie blame,
Because that Fortune made the fault, not Loue.
The ground of her vnkindnes growes, because I lost
The pretious Carcanet she gaue to me:
Lucina hath it, as her words import,
But how she got it, heauens knowes, not I,
Yet this is some aleagement to my sorrow,
That if I can but get the Chaine againe,
I bouldly then shall let *Perseda* know,
That she hath wrongd *Erastus* and her frend;
Ah Loue, and if thou beest of heauenly power,

Inspire me with some present stratagem,
t must be so, *Lucinas* a franke Gaimster,
And like it is, in play sheele hazard it,
For if report but blasen her aright,
Shees a franke gaimster, and inclinde to play. Ho *Piston*?

Enter Piston.

Pist. Heere sir, what would you with me?

Era. Desire *Guelpio* & signior *Iulio* come speake with me,
And bid them bring some stoore of crownes with them,
And sirra, prouide me foure Visards,
Foure Gownes, a boxe, and a Drum,
For I intend to go in mummery.

Pist. I will sir. *Exit* Piston.

Erast. Ah vertuous Lampes of euer turning heauens,
Incline her minde to play, and mine to win,
Nor do I couet but what is mine owne,
Then shall I let *Perseda* vnderstand,
How iealousie had armd her tongue with malice,
Ah were she not *Perseda* whom my heart,
No more can flie, then iron can Adamant.
Her late vnkindnes would haue changed my minde.

Enter Guelpio *and* Iulio *and* Piston.

Guelp. How now *Erastus*, wherein may we pleasure thee?

Erast. Sirs thus it is, we must in mummerie,
Vnto *Lucina*, neither for loue nor hate,
But if we can, to win the chaine she weares,
For though I haue some interest therein,
Fortune may make me maister of mine owne,
Rather then ile seeke iustice gainst the Dame,
But this assure your selues it must be mine,
Be game, or change, by one deuise or other:
The rest ile tell you when our sport is doone,

Iulio. Why then lets make vs ready and about it.

Erast. What store of Crownes haue you brought?

Guel. Feare not for money man, ile beare the Boxe,

Iulio. I haue some little reply, if neede require.

Pist. I but heare you Maister, was not he a foole,

That

That went to shoote, and left his arrowes behinde him.

Erast. Yes, but what of that?

Pist. Mary that you may loose your money,
And go without the chaine, vnlesse you carry false dice.

Guel Mas the foole saye true, lets haue some got.

Pist. Nay I vse not to go without a paire of false Dice,
Heere are tall men and little men.

Iulio Hie men and low men, thou wouldst say,

Erast. Come sirs lets go, Drumsler pray for me,
And ile reward thee: and sirra *Piston*,
Mar not our sport with your foolery.

Pist. I warrant you sir, they get not one wise word of me.

Sound vp the Drum to Lucinaes *doore.*

Enter Lucina.

Luci. I marrie, this showes that Charlemain is come,
What shall we play heere? content,
Since Signior *Ferdinand* will haue it so.

Then they play, and when she hath lost her gold, Erastus *pointed to her Chaine, and then she said:*

I were it *Cleopatraes* vnion:

Then Erastus *winneth the Chaine, and looseth his gould.*

And Lucina *saies.*

Signior *Fernando*, I am sure tis you,
And Gentlemen, vnmaske ere you depart,
That I may know to whom my thankes is due,
For this so courteous and vnlookt for sport:
No wilt not be, then sup with me to morrow,
Well then ile looke for you, till then farewell.

Exit Lucina.

Erast. Gentlemen, each thing hath sorted to our wish,
Shee tooke me for *Fernando*, markt you that:
Your gould shall be repairde with double thankes,
And fellow Drumsler, ile reward you well.

Pist. But is there no reward for my false dice?

Erast. Yes sir, a garded sute from top to toe.

Enter Ferdinando.

Ferdi. Dasell mine eyes, or ist *Lucinaes* chaine,

Falſe tretcher lay downe the chaine that thou haſt ſtole,
Eraſt. He lewdly lyes that cals me treacherous.
Fern. That lye my weapon ſhall put downe thy throate:
Then Eraſtus *ſlaies* Ferdinando.
Iulio. Flie *Eraſtus*, ere the Gouernour haue any newes.
Whoſe neere alye he was, and cheefe delight.
Eraſt. Nay Gentlemen, flye you and ſaue your ſelues,
Leaſt you pertake the hardnes of my fortune.
Exeunt Guelpio *and* Iulio.
Ah fickle and blind guidreſſe of the world,
What pleaſure haſt thou in my miſerie?
Waſt not enough when I had loſt the Chaine,
Thou didſt bereaue me of my deareſt loue,
But now when I ſhould repoſſeſſe the ſame,
To croſſe me with this hapleſſe accedent:
Ah if but time and place would giue me leaue,
Great eaſe it were for me to purge my ſelfe,
And to accuſe fell *Fortune*, *Loue* and *Death*.
For all theſe three conſpire my tragedie,
But danger waites vpon my words and ſteps,
I dare not ſtay, for if the Gouernour
Surpriſe me heere I dye by marſhall law,
Therefore I go. But whether ſhall I go?
If into any ſtay adioyning Rhodes,
They will betray me to *Phyllippos* hands,
For loue, or gaine, or flatterie.
To Turkie muſt I goe, the paſſage ſhort,
The people warlike, and the king renownd,
For all heroyicall and kingly vertues,
Ah hard attempt, to tempt a foe for ayde,
Neceſſitie yet ſayes it muſt be ſo,
Or ſuffer death for *Ferdinandos* death.
Whom honors title forſt me to miſdoe,
By checking his outragious inſolence.
Piſton, heere take this chaine, and giue it to *Perſeda*.
And let her know what hath befallen me,
VVhen thou haſt deliuered it, take ſhip and follow me,

I wil

I will be in Constantinople.
Farewell my country dearer then my life;
Farewell deare friends, dearer then countrey soyle,
Farewell *Perseda*, dearest of them all,
Dearer to me, then all the world besides.

Exit Erastus.

Pist. Now am I growing into a doubtfull agony,
What I were best to doe, to run away with this Chaine,
Or deliuer it, and follow my Maister.
If I deliuer it and follow my maister, I shall haue thankes,
But they will make me neuer the fatter,
If I run away with it, I may liue vpon credit,
All the while I weare this chaine,
Or dominere with the money when I haue solde it,
Hetherto all goes well, but if I be taken,
I marry sir, then the case is altered, I and haltered to,
Of all things I doe not loue to preach
With a haulter about my necke:
Therefore for this once, Ile be honest against my will,
Perseda shall haue it, but before I goe, Ile be so bolde
As to diue into the Gentlemans pocket, for good luck sake,
If he deny me not: how say you sir, are you content?
A plaine case, *Qui tacet consituri videtur.*

Enter Phylippo *and* Iulio.

Iulio. See where his body lyes.

Philip. I, I, I see his body all too soone,
What barbarous villaine ist that rifles him.
Ah *Ferdinando*, the stay of my olde age,
And chiefe remainder of our progeny,
Ah louing cosen how art thou misdone,
By falle *Erastus*, ah no by trechery,
For well thy valour hath been often tride,
But whilst I stand and weep, and spend the time,
In fruitlesse plaintes, the murtherer will escape,
Without reuenge, sole salue for such a sore,
Say villaine where fore didst thou rifle him?

Pist. Faith sir for pure good will,
Seeing he was going towards heauen,
I thought to see, if he had a pasport to S. *Nicholas* or no,

Phil. Some sot he seemes to be, twere pitty to hurt him:
Sirra canst thou tell who slew this man?

Pist. I sir very well, it was my master *Erastus*.

Phil. Thy maister, and whether is he gone now?

Pist. To fetch the Sexton to bury him I thinke.

Phil. Twere pitty to imprison such a sot,

Pist. Now it fits my wisedome to counterfeit the foole.

Phil. Come hether sirra, thou knowest me
For the Gouernour of the Citty, dost thou not?

Pist. I forsooth sir.

Phil. Thou art a bondman, and wouldst faine be free?

Pist. I forsooth sir.

Phil. Then doe but this, and I will make thee free,
And rich withall, learne where *Erastus* is,
And bring me word, and Ile reward thee well.

Pist. That I will sir, I shal finde you at the Castle, shal I not?

Phil. Yes.

Pist. Why Ile be heere, as soone as euer I come againe.

Exit Piston.

Phil. But for assurance that he may not scape,
Weele lay the ports and hauens round about,
And let proclamation straight be made,
That he that can bring foorth the murtherer,
Shall haue three thousand Duckets for his paine,
My selfe will see the body borne from hence,
And honored with Balme and funerall. *Exit.*

Enter Piston.

Pist. God sends fortune to fooles,
Did you euer see wise men escape as I haue done.
I must betray my master: I but when can you tell?

Enter Perseda.

See where *Perseda*, comes to saue me a labour,
After my most harty commendations,
This is to let you vnderstand,

That

That my maister was in good health at the sending hereof,
Yours for euer and euer and euer.
In most humble wise *Piston*.

Then he deliuered her the chaine.

Pist. This makes me thinke that I haue been to cruell,
How got he this from of *Lucinas* arme?

Pist. Faith in a mummery, and a paire of false dice,
I was one of the mummers my selfe, simple as I stand here.

Per. I rather thinke it cost him very deare.

Pist. I so it did, for it cost *Ferdinando* his life.

Per. How so?

Pist. After we had got the chaine in mummery,
And lost our box in counter cambio,
My maister wore the chaine about his necke,
Then *Ferdinando* met vs on the way,
And reuil'd my maister, saying he stole the chaine,
With that they drew, & there *Ferdinando* had the prickado.

Per. And whether fled my poore *Erastus* then?

Pist. To *Constantinople* whether I must follow him,
But ere he went, with many sighes and teares,
He deliuered me the chaine, and bad me giue it you,
For perfect argument that he was true,
And you too credulous.

Per. Ah stay, no more, for I can heere no more.

Pist. And I can sing no more.

Per. My heart had arm'd my tongue with iniury,
To wrong my friend, whose thoughts were euer true,
Ah poore *Erastus* how thy starres maling:
Thou great commander of the swift wingd winds,
And dreadfull *Neptune* bring him backe againe,
But *Eolus* and *Neptune* let him go,
For heere is nothing but reuenge and death,
Then let him go, ile shortly follow him,
Not with slow sailes, but with loues goulden wings,
My ship shall be borne with teares, and blowne with sighes,
So will I soare about the Turkish land,
Vntill I meete *Erastus* my sweete friend.

And then and there, fall downe amid his armes,
And in his bosome there power foorth my soule,
For satisfaction of my trespasse past.

Enter Basiliſco *armde.*

Basi. Faire Loue, according vnto thy commaund,
I seeke *Eraſtus* and will combate him
Per. I seeke him, finde him, bring him to my sight,
For till we meete, my hart shall want delight.

Exit Perseda.

Basi. My petty fellow, where hast thou hid thy maister?
Piſt. Marrie sir in an Armorours shop,
Where you had not best go to him.
Basi. Why so, I am in honor bound to combat him,
Piſt. I sir, but he knowing your fierce conditions,
Hath planted a double cannon in the doore,
Ready to discharge it vppon you, when you go by,
I tell you for pure good will.
Basi. In Knightly curtesie, I thanke thee,
But hopes the coyſtrell to escape me so,
Thinkes he bare cannon shot can keepe me back:
Why wherfore serues my targe of proofe, but for the bullet,
That once put by, I roughly come vpon him,
Like to the wings of lightning from aboue,
I with a martiall looke astonish him,
Then fals he downe poore wretch vpon his knee,
And all to late, repents his surquedry.
Then do I take him on my fingers point,
And thus I beare him thorough euery streete,
To be a laughing stock to all the towne:
That done, I lay him at my mistresse feete,
For her to giue him doome of life or death.
Piſt. I but heere you sir, I am bound
In paine of my maisters displeasure,
To haue about at cuffes, afore you and I part,
Basi. Ha, ha, ha, Eagles are chalenged by paltry flyes,
Thy sol'y giues thee priuiledge begon, begon.
Piſt. No, no sir, I must haue about with you sir thats flat,

Leaſt

Least my maister turne me out of seruice.

Bas. Why, art thou weary of thy life?

Pis. No by my faith sir.

Bas. Then fetch thy weapons, and with my single fist,
Ile combat thee, my body all vnarmd.

Pis. Why lend me thine, and saue me a labour.

Bas. I tell thee, if *Alcides* liued this day,
He could not weild my weapons.

Pist. Why wilt thou stay till I come againe?

Bas. I vpon my honour.

Pis. That shall be when I come from Turkey. *Exit Pist.*

Bas. Is this little desperate fellow gon,
Doubtlesse he is a very tall fellow,
And yet it were a disgrace to all my chiualrie,
To combate one so base:
Ile send some Crane to combate with the Pigmew,
Not that I feare, but that I scorne to fight. *Exit Basilisk.*

Enter Chorus.

Loue. *Fortune* thou madest *Fernando* finde the chaine,
But yet by *Loues* instruction he was taught,
To make a present of it to his Mistris.

For. But *Fortune* would not let her keepe it long.

Loue. Nay rather *Loue*, by whose suggisted power,
Erastus vsde such dice, as being false,
Ran not by *Fortune*, but necessitie.

For. Meane time I brought *Fernando* on the way,
To see and chalenge what *Lucina* lost.

Death. And by that chalenge I abridge his life,
And forst *Erastus* into banishment,
Parting him from his loue, in spight of *Loue*.

Loue. But with my goulden winges ile follow him,
And giue him aide and succour in distresse.

For. And doubt not to, but *Fortune* will be there,
And crosse him too, and sometimes flatter him,
And lift him vp, and throw him downe againe.

Death. And heere and there in ambush *Death* will stand.

To mar, what *Loue* or *Fortune* takes in hand. *Exeunt.*

Enter Solyman *and* Brusor, *with Ianisaries.*

Soli. How long shall *Solyman* spend his time,
And waste his dayes in fruitlesse obsequies,
Perhaps my greefe and long continuall moane,
Ads but a trouble to my brothers ghoast:
Which but for me would now haue tooke their rest,
Then farewell sorrow, and now reuenge draw neere.
In controuersie touching the Ile of Rhodes,
My brothers dyde, on Rhodes ile be reuengd,
Now tell me *Brusor*, whats the newes at Rhodes?
Hath the yong prince of *Cipris* married
Cornelia, daughter to the Gouernour.

Bru. He hath my Lord with the greatest pompe,
That ere I saw at such a festiuall.

Soli. What greater then at our coronation?

Bru. Inferiour to that onely.

Soli. At tilt, who woone the honor of the day?

Bru. A worthy Knight of Rhodes, a matchlesse man,
His name *Erastus*, not twentie yeares of age,
Not tall, but well proportioned in his lims,
I neuer saw, except your excellence,
A man whose presence more delighted me,
And had he worshipt Mahomet for Christ,
He might haue borne me through out all the world,
So well I loued and honoured the man.

Soli. These praises *Brusor* touch me to the heart,
And makes me wish that I had beene at Rhodes,
Vnder the habit of some errant knight,
Both to haue seene and tride his valour.

Bru. You should haue seene him foile and ouerthrow,
All the Knights that there incountred him.

Soli. What ere he be, euen for his vertues sake,
I wish that fortune of our holy wars,
Would yeeld him prisoner vnto *Solyman*:
That for retaining one so vertuous,

We

We may our selues be famd for vertues.
But let him passe, and *Brusor* tell me now,
How did the Christians vse our Knights?
Bru. As if that we and they had beene on sect.
Soli. What thinkst thou of their valour and demeanor?
Bru. Braue men at armes, and friendly out of armes,
Courteous in peace, in battle dangerous,
Kinde to their foes, and liberall to their friends;
And all in all, their deedes heroicall.
Soli. Then tell me *Brusor*, how is Rhodes fenst,
For eyther Rhodes shall be braue *Solimans*,
Or cost me more braue Souldiers
Then all that Ile will beare.
Brus. Their fleete is weake:
Their horsse, I deeme them fiftie thousand strong,
Their footmen more, well exercised in war,
And as it seemes, they want no needfull vittaile.
Soli. How euer Rhodes be fenst by sea or land,
It eyther shall be mine, or burie me.

Enter Erastus.

Whats he that thus bouldly enters in.
His habite argues him a Christian.
Erast. I worthy Lord a forlorne Christian.
Soli. Tell me man what madnes brought thee hether?
Erast. Thy vertuous fame, and mine owne miserie.
Soli What miserie? speake, for though you Christians,
Account our Turkish race but barbarous,
Yet haue we eares to heare a iust complaint,
And iustice to defend the innocent,
And pitie to such as are in pouertie,
And liberall hands to such as merit bountie.
Bru. My gratious Soueraigne, as this Knight,
Seemes by greefe tyed to silence,
So his deserts binds me to speake for him.
This is *Erastus* the Rhodian worthie,
The flower of chiualrie and curtesie.
Soli. Is this the man that thou hast so describde?

Stand vp faire Knight, that what my heart desires,
Mine eyes may view with pleasure and delight,
This face of thine should harbour no deceit,
Eraſtus, ile not yet vrge to know the cause,
That brought thee hether,
Least with the discourse, thou shouldst afflict thy selfe,
And crosse the fulnes of my ioyfull passion,
But that we are assurde,
Heauens brought thee hether for our benefit,
Know thou that Rhodes, nor all that Rhodes containes,
Shall win thee from the side of *Soliman*,
If we but finde thee well inclinde to vs.

Eraſt. If any ignoble or dishonourable thoughts,
Shoud dare attempt, or but creepe neere my heart:
Honour should force disdaine to roote it out,
As ayre bred Eagles, if they once perceiue,
That any of their broode but close their sight,
When they should gase against the glorious Sunne,
They straight way sease vpon him with their talents,
That on the earth it may vntimely die,
For looking but a scue at heauens bright eye.

Soli. Eraſtus, to make thee well assurde,
How well thy speach and presents liketh vs,
Aske what thou wilt, it shall be granted thee.

Eraſt. Then this my gratious Lord is all I craue,
That being banisht from my natiue soile,
I may haue libertie to liue a Christian.

Soli. I that, or any thing thou shalt desire,
Thou shalt be Captaine of our Ianisaries,
And in our counsell shalt thou sit with vs,
And be great *Solimans* adopted friend,

Eraſt. The least of these surpasse my best desart,
Vnlesse true loyaltie may seeme desart.

Soli. Eraſtus, now thou hast obtaind thy boone,
Denie not *Soliman* this owne request:
A vertuous enuie pricks me with desire,
To trie thy valour, say art thou content?

Eraſt. I, if my ſoueraigne ſay content, I yeeld.

Sul. Then giue vs Swordes and Targers,
And now *Eraſtus* thinke thee mine enemy,
But euer after thy continuall friend,
And ſpare me not, for then thou wrongſt my honour.

Then they fight, and Eraſtus *ouercomes* Solyman.

Nay, nay *Eraſtus*, throw not downe thy weapons,
As if thy force did faile, it is enough
That thou haſt conquered *Soliman* by ſtrength,
By curteſie let *Soliman* conquer thee.
And now from armes, to counſell ſit thee downe,
Before thy comming I vowd to conquer Rhodes,
Say wilt thou be our Leiutenant there,
And further vs in manage of theſe wars?

Eraſt. My gracious Soueraigne, without preſumption,
If poore *Eraſtus* may once more intreate,
Let not great *Solimans* commaund,
To whoſe beheſt I vow obedience,
Inforce me ſheath my ſlaughtering blade,
In the deare bowels of my countrymen:
And were it not that *Soliman* hath ſworne,
My teares ſhould plead for pardon in that place:
I ſpeake not this to ſhrinke away for feare,
Or hide my head in time of dangerous ſtormes,
Imploy me elſe where in thy forraine wars,
Againſt the Perſians or the barbarous Moore,
Eraſtus will be formoſt in the battaile.

Sol. Why fauourſt thou thy countrymen ſo much,
By whoſe cruelty thou art exilde?

Eraſ. Tis not my country, but *Philippos* wrath,
It muſt be toulde, for *Ferdinados* death,
Whom I in honours cauſe haue reft of life.

Soly. Nor ſuffer this or that to trouble thee,
Thou ſhalt not need *Philippo* nor his Ile,
Nor ſhalt thou war againſt thy Countrymen,
I like thy vertue in refuſing it,
But that our oath may haue his currant courſe,

Bruſor, goe leuie men,
Prepare a fleete, to aſſault and conquer Rhodes,
Meane time *Eraſtus* and I will ſtriue,
By mutuall kindenes to excell each other.
Bruſor be gon, and ſee not *Soliman*,
Till thou haſt brought Rhodes in ſubiection. *Exit* Bruſor.
And now *Eraſtus* come and follow me.
Where thou ſhalt ſee what pleaſures and what ſports,
My Minions and my Euenukes can deuiſe,
To driue away this melancholy moode. *Exit* Soliman.

Enter Piſton.

Piſt. Oh maiſter ſee where I am,
Eraſ. Say *Piſton* whats the newes at Rhodes?
Piſt. Colde and comfortles for you,
Will you haue them all at once?
Eraſtus. I.
Piſt. Why the Gouernour will hang you and he catch you.
Ferdinando is buried, your friends commend them to you,
Perſeda hath the chaine, and is like to dye for ſorrow.
Eraſt. I thats the griefe, that we are parted thus,
Come follow me and I will heare the reſt,
For now I muſt attend the Emperour. *Exeunt.*

Enter Perſeda, Lucina *and* Baſiliſco.

Per. Accurſed chaine, vnfortunate *Perſeda*,
Lu. Accurſed chaine, vnfortunate *Lucina*.
My friend is gone and I am deſolate.
Per. my friend is gone and I am deſolate,
Returne him backe faire ſtarres or let me dye.
Luci. Returne him backe faire heauens, or let me dye,
For what was he but comfort of my life?
Per. For what was he but comfort of my life?
But why was I ſo carefull of the Chaine.
Luci. But why was I ſo careleſſe of the Chaine,
Had I not loſt it, my friend had not been ſlaine.
Per. Had I not askt it, my friend had not departed,
His parting is my death.

Luci.

Luci. His deaths my liues departing,
And here my tongue dooth stay, with swolne hearts greefe.
Per. And here my swolne harts greef doth stay my tongue.
Bas. For whom weepe you?
Luci. Ah, for *Fernandos* dying.
Bas. For whom mourne you?
Per. Ah, for *Erastus* flying.
Bas. Why Lady is not *Basilisco* here?
Why Lady dooth not *Basilisco* liue?
Am not I worth both these for whom you mourne?
Then take each one halfe of me, and cease to weepe,
Or if you gladly would inioy me both,
Ile serue the one by day, the other by night.
And I will pay you both your sound delight.
Luci. Ah how vnpleasant is mirth to melancholy.
Per. My heart is full, I cannot laugh at follie.
Exeunt Ladies.
Bas. See, see, *Lucina* hates me like a Toade,
Because that when *Erastus* spake my name,
Her loue *Fernando* dyed at the same,
So dreadfull is our name to cowardice.
On the other side, *Perseda* takes it vnkindly,
That ere he went I brought not bound vnto her,
Erastus, that faint hearted run away:
Alasse how could I, for his man no sooner
Informd him, that I sought him vp and downe,
But he was gone in twinckling of an eye:
But I will after my delitious loue,
For well I wot, though she dessemble thus,
And cloake affection with her modestie,
With loue of me her thoughts are ouer gone,
More then was *Phillis* with her *Demophon*. *Exit.*

Enter Philippo, *the Prince of* Cipris, *with other Souldiers.*

Phil. Braue prince of Cipris, and our sonne in law,
Now there is little time to stand and talke,
The Turkes haue past our Gallies and are landed,

You with some men at armes shall take the Tower,
I with the rest will downe vnto the strand:
If we be beaten backe weele come to you,
And here in spight of damned Turkes, weele gaine
A glorious death, or famous victorie.

Cyp. About it then. *Exeunt.*

Enter Brusor, *and his Souldiers.*

Bru. Drum sound a parle to the Cittizens.

The Prince of Cipres on the Walles.

Cyp. What parle craues the Turkish at our hands?

Bru. We come with mightie *Solimans* commaund,
Monarch and mightie Emperour of the world,
From East to West, from South, to Septentrion,
If you resist, expect what warre affords,
Mischiefe, murther, bloud, and extremitie,
What wilt thou yeeld and trie our clemencie?
Say I, or no: for we are peremtorie.

Cyp. Your Lord vsurps in all that he possesseth,
And that great God which we do truly worship,
Shall strengthen vs against your insolence.

Bru. Now if you plead for mercie, tis too late:
Come fellow Souldiers, let vs to the breach,
Thats made already on the other side. *Exeunt* to the battel.

Phylippo *and* Cipris *are both slaine.*

Enter Brusor, *with Souldiers, hauing* Guelpio, Iulio, *and* Basiliſco, *with* Perseda *and* Lucina *prisoners.*

Bru. Now Rhodes is yoakt, and stoopes to *Soliman*,
There lyes the Gouernour, and there his sonne:
Now let their soules tell sorrie tidings to their ancestors,
What millions of men oppresst with ruine and scath,
The Turkish armies did in Christendome,
What say these prisoners, will they turne Turke, or no?

Iulio. First *Iulio* will die ten thousand deaths.

Guel. And *Guelpio*, rather then denie his Christ.

Bru. Then stab the slaues, and send their soules to hell.

They stab Iulio *and* Guelpio.

Bas. I turne, I turne, oh saue my life, I turne.

Bru. Forbeare to hurt him: when we land in Turkie,
He shall be circumcised and haue his rites.

Bas. Thinke you I turne Turque,
For feare of seruile death thats but a sport,
I faith sir no:
Tis for *Perseda* whom I loue so well,
That I would follow her, though she went to hell.

Bru. Now for these Ladies: their liues priuiledge
Hangs on their beautie, they shall be preserued,
To be presented to great *Soliman*,
The greatest honor Fortune could affoord.

Perse. The most dishonour that could ere befall. *Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Loue. Now *Fortune*, what hast thou done in this later passage
For, I plaste *Erastus* in the fauour,
Of *Solyman* the Turkish Emperour.

Loue. Nay that was *Loue*, for I coucht my selfe,
In poore *Erastus* eyes, and with a looke
Orespred with teares, bewitched *Solyman*,
Beside, I sat on valiant *Brusors* tongue,
To guide the praises of the herodian Knight.
Then in the Ladies passions, I showed my power,
And lastly *Loue* made *Basiliscos* tongue,
To countercheck his hart by turning Turke,
And saue his life, in spight of deaths despight.

Death. How chance it then, that *Loue* and *Fortunes* power,
Could neither saue *Philippo* nor his sonne,
Nor *Guelpio*, nor signior *Iulio*,
Nor rescue Rhodes from out the hands of *Death*.

For. Why *Brusors* victorie was *Fortunes* gift.

Death. But had I slept, his conquest had beene small.

Loue, Wherfore stay we, thers more behind which proues,
That though *Loue* winke, *Loue's* not starke blinde. *Exeunt.*

Enter Erastus *and* Piston.

Pist. Faith maister, me thinkes you are vnwise,

That you weare not the high Suger-loafe hat,
And the gilded gowne the Emperour gaue you.

Eraſt. Peace foole, a ſable weed fits diſcontent, Away, be-
Piſt. Ile go prouide your ſupper, (gon.
A ſhoulder of mutton, and neuer a Sallit. *Exit* Piſton.

Eraſt. I muſt confeſſe that *Solyman* is kinde,
Paſt all compare, and more then my deſart,
But what helps gay garments, when the minds oppreſt,
What pleaſeth the eye, when the ſence is altered,
My heart is ouerwhelmd with thouſand woes,
And melancholie leads my ſoule in triumphe,
No meruaile then if I haue little minde.
Of rich imbroderie, or coſtly ornaments,
Of honors titles, or of wealth, or gaine,
Of muſick, viands, or of dainty dames,
No, no, my hope full long agoe was loſt,
And Rhodes it ſelfe is loſt, or els deſtroyde,
If not deſtroide, yet bound and captiuate,
If captiuate, then forſt from holy faith:
If forſt from faith, for euer miſerable,
For what is miſery, but want of God,
And God is loſt, if faith be ouerthrowne.

Enter Soliman.

Soli. Why how now *Eraſtus*, alwaies in thy dumpes?
Still in black habite fitting funerall?
Cannot my loue perſwade thee from this moode,
Nor all my faire intreats and blandiſhments,
Wert thou my friend, thy minde would iumpe with mine,
For what are friends, but one minde in two bodies.
Perhaps thou doubts my friendſhips conſtancie,
Then dooſt thou wrong the meaſure of my loue,
Which hath no meaſure, and ſhall neuer end.
Come *Eraſtus* ſit thee downe by me,
And ile impart to thee our *Bruſors* newes,
Newes to our honour, and to thy content:
The Gouernour is ſlaine that ſought thy death.

Eraſt. A worthy man, though not *Eraſtus* friend.

Soli.

Soli. The Prince of Cipris to, is likewise slaine.
Eraſt. Faire blossome, likely to haue proued good fruite.
Soli. Rhodes is taken, and all the men are slaine.
Except some few that turne to Mahomet.
Eraſt. I there it is, now all my friends are slaine,
And faire *Perseda* murthred or deflowerd:
Ah gratious *Soliman* now show thy loue,
In not denying thy poore supplyant:
Suffer me not to stay here in thy presence,
But by my selfe lament me once for all,
Heere if I stay, I must suppresse my teares,
And teares suppreſt will but increase my sorrow,
Soli. Go then, go spend thy mournings all at once,
That in thy presence *Soliman* may ioy. *Exit* Eraſtus.
For hetherto haue I reaped little pleasure:
Well well *Eraſtus*, Rhodes may blesse thy birth,
For his sake onely will I spare them more,
From spoile, pillage, and oppression,
Then *Alexander* spard warlike *Thebes*
For *Pindarus*: or then *Augustus*
Sparde rich *Alexandria* for *Arias* sake.
Enter Bruſor, Perseda, *and* Lucina.
Bru. My gratious Lord, reioyce in happineſſe:
All Rhodes is yoakt, and stoopes to *Soliman*.
Soli. First thanks to heauen, and next to *Bruſors* valour,
Which ile not guerdon with large promises,
But straight reward thee with a bounteous largeſſe:
But what two Christian Virgins haue we here?
Bru. Part of the spoile of Rhodes, which were preserued.
To be presented to your mightineſſe.
Soli. This present pleaseth more then all the reſt,
And were their garments turnd from black to white,
I should haue deemd them *Iunoes* goodly Swannes,
Or *Venus* milke white Doues, so milde they are,
And so adornd with beauties miracle.
Heere *Bruſor* this kinde Turtle shall be thine,
Take her and vse her at thy pleasure:

But this kinde Turtle is for *Soliman*,
That her captiuitie may turne to bliſſe,
Faire lookes reſembling *Phœbus* radiant beames,
Smooth forhead, like the table of high *Ioue*,
Small penſild eye browes, like to glorious rainebowes,
Quick lampelike eyes, like heauens two brighteſt orbes,
Lips of pure Corall breathing ambroſie,
Cheekes, where the Roſe and Lillie are incombate,
Neck whiter then the Snowie Apennines,
Breſts like two ouerflowing Fountaines,
Twixt which a vale leads to the Eliſian ſhades,
Where vnder couert lyes the fount of pleaſure,
Which thoughts may geſſe, but tongue muſt not prophane,
A ſweeter creature nature neuer made,
Loue neuer tainted *Soliman* till now,
Now faire Virgin let me heare thee ſpeake.

Per. What can my tongue vtter, but greefe and death,

Soli. The ſound is hunnie, but the ſence is gall:
Then ſweeting bleſſe me with a cheerefull looke.

Per. How can mine eyes dart foorth a pleaſant looke,
When they are ſtopt with flouds of flowing teares?

Soli. If tongue with griefe, and eyes with teares be fild,
Say Virgin, how dooth thy heart admit,
The pure affection of great *Soliman*?

Per. My thoughts are like pillers of Adamant,
Too hard to take an new impreſſion.

Soly. Nay then I ſee my ſtooping makes her proud,
She is my vaſſaile, and I will commaund,
Coye Virgin knoweſt thou what offence it is,
To thwart the will and pleaſure of a king?
Why thy life is doone, if I but ſay the word.

Per, Why thats the period that my heart deſires.

Soli. And die thou ſhalt, vnleſſe thou change thy minde.

Per. Nay then *Perſeda* growes reſolute,
Solimans thoughts and mine reſemble,
Liues paraliſe that neuer can be ioyned,

Soli. Then kneele thou downe,

And at my hands receiue the stroke of deate,
Domde to thy selfe by thine owne wilfulnes.
Per. Strike, strike, thy words pearce deeper then thy blows
Soli *Brusor* hide her, for her lookes withhold me,
Then Brusor *hides her With a Lawne.*
O *Brusor* thou hast not hid her lippes,
For there sits *Venus* with *Cupid* on her knee,
And all the Graces smiling round about her,
So crauing pardon that I cannot strike.
Bru. Her face is couerd ouer quite me Lord.
Soli. Why, so,
O *Brusor* seest thou not her milke white necke,
That alablaster tower,
Twill breake the edge of my keene Semitor,
And peeces flying backe will wound my selfe.
Bru. Now she is all couered my Lord.
Soli. Why now at last she dyes,
Per. O Christ receiue my soule.
Soli. Harke *Brusor* she cals on Christ.
I will not send her to him,
Her words are musicke,
The selfe same musicke that in auncient daies,
Brought *Alexander* from war to banqueting,
And made him fall from skirmishing to kissing.
No my deare, Loue would not let me kill thee,
Though Maiesty would turne desire to wrath,
There lyes my sword, humbled at thy feete,
And I my selfe that gouerne many kings,
Intreate a pardon for my rash misdeede.
Per. Now *Soliman* wrongs his imperiall state,
But if thou loue me, and haue hope to win,
Graunt me one boone that I shall craue of thee,
Soli. What ere it be, *Perseda* I graunt it thee,
Per. Then let me liue a Christian Virgin still,
Vnlesse my state shall alter by my will,
Soli. My word is past, and I recall my passions,
What should he doe with crowne and Empery,

That cannot gouerne priuate fond affections,
Yet giue me leaue in honest sort to court thee,
To ease, though not to cure, my maladie:
Come sit thee downe vpon my right hand heere,
This seate I keep voide for another friend:
Goe Ganisaries call in your Gouernour,
So shall I ioy betweene two captiue friends,
And yet my selfe be captiue to them both,
If friendships yoake were not at liberty:
See where he comes my other best beloued.

Enter Erastus.

Perse. My sweet and best beloued.

Erast. My sweet and best beloued:

Per. For thee my deare *Erastus* haue I liued.

Erast, And I for thee or els I had not liued.

Soli. What words in affection doe I see?

Erast, Ah pardon me great *Soliman,* for this is she,
For whome I mourned more then for all Rhodes,
And from whose absence I deriued my sorrow.

Per. And pardon me my Lord, for this is he,
For whom I thwarted *Solimans* intreates,
And for whose exile I lamented thus.

Erast. Euen from my childhood haue I tendered thee,
Witnes the heauens of my vnfeined loue.

Soli. By this one accident I well perceiue,
That heauens and heauenly powers do manage loue,
I loue them both, I know not which the better,
They loue each other best, what then should follow,
But that I conquer both by my desarts,
And ioyne their hands, whose hearts are knit already,
Erastus and *Perseda* come you hether,
And both giue me your hands
Erastus, none but thou couldst win *Perseda,*
Perseda, none but thou couldst win *Erastus,*
From great *Soliman,* so well I loue you both:
And now to turne late promises to good effect,
Be thou *Erastus* Gouernour of Rhodes,

By this thou shalt dismisse my garison.

Brus. Must he reape that for which I tooke the toile?
Come enuie then and sit in friendships seate,
How can I loue him that inioyes my right.

Soli. Giue me a crowne, to crowne the bride withall,

Then he crownes Perseda.

Perseda, for my sake weare this crowne:
Now is she fairer then she was before,
This title so augments her beautie as the fire,
That lay with honours hand rackt vp in ashes,
Reuies againe to flames, the force is such,
Remoone the cause, and then the effect will die,
They must depart, or I shall not be quiet,
Erastus and *Perseda*, merualle not,
That all in hast I wish you to depart,
There is an vrgent cause, but priuie to my selfe,
Commaund my shipping for to waft you ouer.

Erast. My gratious Lord, whē *Erastus* doth forget this fauor,
Then let him liue abandond and forlorne.

Per. Nor will *Perseda* slacke euen in her prayers.
But still solicite God for *Soliman*,
Whose minde hath prooued so good and gratious. *Exeunt.*

Soli Farewell *Erastus*, *Perseda* farewell to:
Me thinks I should not part with two such friends,
The one so renownd for armes and curtesie,
The other so adornd with grace and modestie:
Yet of the two *Perseda* mooues me most,
I and so mooues me, that I now repent,
That ere I gaue away my hearts desire,
What was it but abuse of Fortunes gift,
And therefore Fortune now will be reuengde,
What was it but abuse of Loues commaund,
And therefore mightie Loue will be reuengd:
What was it but abuse of heauens that gaue her me,
And therefore angrie heauens will be reuengd:
Heauens, Loue, and Fortune, all three haue decreed,
That I shall loue her still, and lack her still,

Like euer thirsting wretched *Tantalus*!
Foolish *Solyman*, why did I striue,
To do him kindnes, and vndoe my selfe?
Well gouernd friends do first regard themselues.
Bru. I now occasions serues to stumble him,
That thrust his sickle in my haruest corne,
Pleaseth your Maiestie to heare *Brusor* speake.
Soli. To one past cure, good counsell comes too late,
Yet say thy minde.
Bru. With secret letters woe her, and with gifts.
Soli. My lines and gifts will but returne my shame.
Luci. Here me my Lord, let me go ouer to Rhodes,
That I may plead in your affections cause,
One woman may do much to win another.
Soli. Indeed *Lucina* were her husband from her,
Shee happely might be woone by thy perswades,
But whilst he liues there is no hope in her.
Bru. Why liues he then to greeue great *Soliman*,
This onely remaines, that you consider,
In two extreames the least is to be chosen,
If so your life depend vpon her loue,
And that her loue depends vpon his life,
Is it not better that *Erastus* die
Ten thousand deaths, then *Soliman* should perish?
Soli. I saist thou so? why then it shall be so,
But by what meanes shall poore *Erastus* dye?
Bru. This shall be the meanes,
Ile fetch him backe againe,
Vnder coulour of great consequence,
No sooner shall he land vpon our shore,
But witnes shall be ready to accuse him,
Of treason doone against your mightines,
And then he shall be doomd by marshall law,
Soli. Oh fine deuise, *Brusor* get thee gone,
Come thou againe, but let the Lady stay,
To win *Perseda* to my will: meane while,
Will I prepare the iudge and witnesses,

And

And if this take effect, thou shalt be Viceroy,
And faire *Lucina* Queene of *Tripolie*,
Brusor be gone, for till thou come I languish.

Exeunt Brusor *and* Lucina.

And now to ease my troubled thoughts at last,
I will go sit among my learned Euenukes,
And heere them play, and see my minions dance,
For till that *Brusor* bring me my desire,
I may asswage, but neuer quench loues fire. *Exit.*

Enter Basiliſco.

Basi. Since the expugnation of the Rhodian Ile,
Me thinkes a thousand yeares are ouerpast,
More for the lack of my *Persedas* presence,
Then for the losse of Rhodes that paltry Ile,
Or for my friends that there were murthered,
My valour euery where shall purchase friends,
And where a man liues well, there is his countrie.
Alas the Christians are but very shallow,
In giuing iudgement of a man at armes,
A man of my desert and excellence.
The Turkes whom they account for barbarous,
Hauing forehard of Basiliscoes worth,
A number vnder prop me with their shoulders,
And in procession bare me to the Church,
As I had beene a second Mahomet,
I fearing they would adore me for a God,
Wisely informd them that I was but man,
Although in time perhaps I might aspire,
To purchase Godhead, as did *Hercules*,
I meane by doing wonders in the world:
Amidst their Church they bound me to a piller,
And to make triall of my valiancie,
They lopt a collop of my tendrest member,
But thinke you *Basiliſco* squicht for that,
Euen as a Cowe for tickling in the horne,
That doone, they set me on a milke white Asse,
Compassing me with goodly ceremonies,

That day me thought, I sat in *Pompeyes* Chaire,
And viewd the Capitoll, and was Romes greateſt glorie.

Enter Piſton.

Piſt. I would my maiſter had left
Some other to be his agent here:
Faith I am wearie of the office alreadie.
What Seignioure *Tremomundo*,
That rid a pilgrimage to beg cakebread.

Baſ. O take me not vnprouided, let me fetch my weapons.

Piſt. Why I meant nothing but a *Baſolus manus*.

Baſ. No, didſt thou not meane to giue me the priuie ſtab.

Piſt. No by my troth ſir.

Baſ. Nay if thou hadſt, I had not feard thee I,
I tell thee my skin holds out Piſtoll proofe.

Piſ. Piſtoll proofe? ile trie if it will hold out pin proofe.

Then he pricks him with a pin.

Baſ. O ſhoote no more great God I yeeld to thee.

Piſt. I ſee his skin is but piſtol profe from the girdle vpward.
What ſuddaine agonie was that?

Baſ. Why ſawſt thou not, how *Cupid* God of loue,
Not daring looke me in the marſhall face,
Came like a coward ſtealing after me,
And with his pointed dart prickt my poſterios.

Piſt. Then here my opinion concerning that point,
The Ladies of Rhodes hearing that you haue loſt,
A capitoll part of your Lady ware,
Haue made their petition to Cupid,
To plague you aboue all other,
As one preiuditiall to their muliebritie,
Now ſir, *Cupid* ſeeing you alreadie hurt before,
Thinkes it a greater puniſhment to hurt you behind,
Therefore I would wiſh you to haue an eye to the back dore.

Baſ. Sooth thou ſayeſt, I muſt be fenced behinde,
Ile hang my target there.

Piſt. Indeed that will ſerue to beare off ſome blowes,
When you run away in a fraye.

Baſ. Sirra, ſirra, what art thou?

That

That thus incrochest vpon my familiaritie,
Without speciall admittance.

Pist. Why do you not know me? I am *Erastus* man.

Bas. What art thou that pettie pigmie,
That chalenged me at Rhodes;
Whom I refusd to combat for his minoritie,
Where is *Erastus*, I owe him chastisment in *Persedas* quarrel.

Pist. Do not you know that they are all friends,
And *Erastus* maryed to *Perseda*,
And *Erastus* made gouernour of Rhodes,
And I left heere to be their agent?

Bas. *O cœlum, O terra, O maria Neptune,*
Did I turne Turke to follow her so far.

Pist. The more shame for you.

Bas. And is she linkt in liking with my foe?

Pist. Thats because you were out of the way.

Bas. O wicked Turque for to steale her hence.

Pist. O wicked turne coate that would haue her stay.

Bast. The truth is, ile be a Turke no more,

Pist. And I feare thou wilt neuer prooue good christian.

Bas. I will after to take reuenge.

Pist. And ile stay heere about my maisters busines,

Bas. Farewell Constantinople, I will to Rhodes. *Exit.*

Pist. Farewell counterfeit foole,
God send him good shipping:
Tis noisd about, that *Brusor* is sent,
To fetch my maister backe againe,
I cannot be well till I heare the rest of the newes,
Therefore ile about it straight. *Exit.*

Enter Chorus.

Loue. Now *Fortune* what hast thou done in this latter act?

For. I brought *Perseda* to the presence,
Of *Solyman* the turkish Emperour,
And gaue *Lucina* into *Brusors* hands.

Loue. And first I stung them with consenting loue,
And made great *Soliman* sweete beauties thrall,
Humble himselfe at faire *Persedas* feete,

And made him praise loue, and captiues beautie:
Againe, I made him to recall his passions,
And giue *Perseda* to *Erastus* hands,
And after make repentance of the deed.
For. Meane time I fild *Erastus* sailes with winde,
And brought him home vnto his natiue land.
Death. And I suborned *Brusor* with enuious rage,
To counsell *Soliman* to slay his friend,
Brusor is sent to fetch him back againe,
Marke well what followes, for the historie
Prooues me cheefe actor in this tragedie. *Exeunt.*

Enter Erastus *and* Perseda.

Erast. *Perseda*, these dayes are our dayes of ioy,
What could I more desire then thee to wife,
And that I haue: or then to gouerne Rhodes,
And that I doe, thankes to great *Soliman*.
Per. And thanks to gratious heauens, that so
Brought *Soliman* from worse to better,
For though I neuer tould it thee till now,
His heart was purposd once to do thee wrong.
Erast. I that was before he knew thee to be mine,
But now *Perseda*, lets forget ould greefes,
And let our studies wholy be imploid,
To worke each others blisse and hearts delight.
Per. Our present ioyes will be so much the greater,
When as we call to minde forepassed greefes,
So singes the Mariner vpon the shore,
When he hath past the dangerous time of stormes:
But if my Loue will haue olde greefes forgot,
They shall lye buried in *Persedas* brest.

Enter Brusor *and* Lucina.

Erast. Welcome Lord *Brusor*.
Per. And *Lucina* to.
Bru. Thankes Lord Gouernour.
Luci. And thankes to you Madame.

Erast.

Eraſt. What haſty newes brings you ſo ſoone to Rhodes?
Although to me you neuer come to ſoone.

Bru. So it is my Lord, that vpon great affaires,
Importuning health and wealth of *Soliman*,
His highnes by me intreateth you,
As euer you reſpect his future loue,
Or haue regard vnto his curteſie,
To come your ſelfe in perſon and viſit him,
Without inquiry what ſhould be the cauſe.

Eraſt. Were there no ſhips to croſſe the Seas withall,
My armes ſhould frame mine oares to croſſe the ſeas,
And ſhould the ſeas turne tide to force me backe,
Deſire ſhould frame me wings to fly to him,
I goe *Perſeda* thou muſt giue mé leaue.

Per. Though loath, yet *Solimans* commaund preuailes.

Luci. And ſweet *Perſeda* I will ſtay with you,
From *Bruſor* my beloued, and Ile want him,
Till he bring backe *Eraſtus* vnto you.

Eraſ. Lord *Bruſor* come tis time that we were gon.

Bru. *Perſeda* farewell, be not angry,
For that I carry thy beloued from thee,
We will returne with all ſpeed poſſible,
And thou *Lucina*, vſe *Perſeda* ſo,
That for my carrying of *Eraſtus* hence,
She curſe me not, and ſo farewell to both.

Per. Come *Lucina* lets in, my heart is full. *Exeunt.*

Enter Soliman, Lord Marſhall, the two witneſſes *and* Ianiſaries.

Soli. Lord marſhall, ſee you handle it cunningly.
And when *Eraſtus* comes our periurd friend,
See he be condemd by marſhall law,
Heere will I ſtand to ſee and not be ſeene.

Marſhal. Come fellowes ſee when this matter comes in queſtion
You ſtagger not: and Ianiſaries,
See that your ſtrangling cords be ready.

Soli. Ah that *Perſeda* were not halfe ſo faire,

Or

Or that *Soliman* were not so fond,
Or that *Perseda* had some other loue,
Whose death might saue my poore *Erastus* life.

Enter Brusor *and* Erastus.

See where he comes, whome though I deerely loue,
Yet must his bloud be spilt for my behoose,
Such is the force of morrow burning loue.

Mar. *Erastus*, Lord Gouernour of Rhodes,
I arrest you in the Kings name.

Erast. What thinkes Lord *Brusor* of this strange arrest,
Hast thou intrapt me to this trechery:
Intended well I wot without the leaue
Or license of my Lord great *Soliman*,

Bru. Why then appeale to him, where thou shalt know,
And be assured that I betray thee not.

Soli. Yes, thou, and I, and all of vs betray him.

Mar. No no, in this case no appeale shall serue.

Erast. Why then to thee, or vnto any else,
I heere protest by heauens vnto you all,
That neuer was there man more true or iust,
Or in his deedes more loyall and vpright,
Or more louing, or more innocent,
Than I haue been to gracious *Soliman*,
Since first I set my feete on Turkish land.

Sol. My selfe would be his witnesse if I durst,
But bright *Persedas* beauty stops my tongue.

Mar. Why sirs, why face to face expresse you not,
The treasons you reueald to *Soliman*?

Witnesses. That very day *Erastus* went from hence,
He sent for me into his Cabinet,
And for that man that is of my profession.

Erast. I neuer saw them I vntill this day.

Witnesses. His Cabine doore fast shut, he first began
To question vs of all sorts of fire-workes,
Wherein, when we had fully resolued him,
What might be done, he spreding on the boord,
A huge heape of our imperiall coyne,

All

All this is yours quoth he, if you consent,
To leaue great *Soliman* and serue in Rhodes.
Mar. Why that was treason, but onward with the rest.

Enter Pistol.

Pist. What haue we heere, my Master before the Marshall?
Wit. We said not I, nor durst we say him nay,
Because we were all readie in his Gallies,
But seemd content to flie with him to Rhodes,
With that he purst the golde, and gaue it vs,
The rest I dare not speake it is so bad. (them?
Erast. Heauens heare you this, and drops not vengeance on
The other Wit. The rest, and worse, will I discourse in briefe,
Will you consent quoth he to fire the fleete,
That lyes hard by vs heere in *Bosphoron*,
For be it spoke in secret heere quoth he,
Rhodes must no longer beare the turkish yoake,
We said the taske might easilie be performd,
But that we lackt such drugs to mixe with powder,
As were not in his gallies to be got,
At this he leapt for ioy, swearing and promising,
That our reward should be redoubled:
We came aland not minding to returne,
And as our duety and allegeance bound vs,
We made all knowne vnto great *Soliman*,
But ere we could summon him a land,
His ships were past a kenning from the shoare,
Belike he thought we had betraid his treasons.
Mar. That all is true that heere you haue declard,
Both lay your hands vpon the Alcaron.
1 *Wit.* Foule death betide me if I sweare not true.
2. *Wit.* And mischiefe light on me, if I sweare false
Sol. Mischiefe and death shall light vpon you both.
Mar. Erastus thou seest what witnes hath produced against
What answerest thou vnto their accusation? (thee,
Erast. That these are Synons and my selfe poore Troy.
Mar. Now it resteth I appoint thy death,
Wherein thou shalt confesse Ile fauour thee,

For that thou wert beloued of *Soliman*,
Thou shalt foorthwith be bound vnto that post,
And strangled as our turkish orderis.
Pist. Such fauour send all turkes I pray God.
Erast. I see this traine was plotted ere I came,
What bootes complaining wheres no remedy:
Yet giue me leaue before my life shall end,
To moane *Perseda*, and accuse my friend.
Soli. O vniust *Soliman*, O wicked time,
Where filthie lust must murther honest loue.
Marsh. Dispatch, for our time limited is past.
Erast. Alas, how can he but be short, whose tongue
Is fast tide with galling sorrow,
Farewell *Perseda*, no more but that for her:
Inconstant *Soliman*, no more but that for him,
Vnfortunate *Erastus*, no more but that for me:
Loe this is all, & thus I leaue to speake. *Then they strangle him*
Pist. Marie sir this is a faire warning for me to get me gon.
Exit Pistol.
Soli. O saue his life, if it be possible,
I will not loose him for my kingdomes worth,
Ah poore *Erastus* art thou dead already,
What bould presumer durst be so resolued.
For to bereaue *Erastus* life from him,
Whose life to me was dearer then mine owne,
Wast thou and thou, Lord marshall bring them hether,
And at *Erastus* hand let them receiue,
The stroke of death, whom they haue spoild of life,
VVhat is thy hand to weake? then mine shall helpe,
To send them downe to euerlasting night,
To waite vpon thee through eternall shade,
Thy soule shall not go mourning hence alone:
Thus die, and thus, for thus you murtherd him,
Then he kils the two Iamsaries, that kild Erastus.
But soft me thinkes he is not satisfied,
The breath dooth murmure softly from his lips,
And bids me kill those bloudie witnesses,

By

By whose treachcrie *Erastus* dyed:
Lord Marshall, hale them to the towers top,
And thaow them headlong downe into the valley,
So let their treasons with their liues haue end.
1. Witn. Your selfe procured vs: *2. Wit.* Is this our hier?
Then the Marshall beares them to the tower top.
Soli. Speake not a word, least in my wrathfull furie,
I doome you to ten thousand direfull torments:
And *Brusor* see *Erastus* be interd,
With honour in a kingly sepulcher,
Why when Lord marshall? great *Hectors* sonne,
Although his age did plead for innocence:
Was sooner tumbled from the fatall tower,
Then are those periurde wicked witnesses.
Then they are both tumbled downe.
Why now *Erastus* Ghost is satisfied:
I, but yet the wicked Iudge suruiues,
By whom *Erastus* was condemnd to die,
Brusor, as thou loueſt me stab in the marshall,
Least he detect vs vnto the world,
By making knowne our bloudy practises,
And then will thou and I hoist saile to Rhodes,
Where thy *Lucina* and my *Perseda* liues,
Bru. I wil my lord: lord Marshal, it is his highnes pleasure
That you commend him to *Erastus* soule,
Then he kils the Marshall.
Soli. Heere ends my deere *Erastus* tragedie,
And now begins my pleasant Comedie,
But if *Perseda* vnderstand these newes,
Our seane will prooue but tragicomicall.
Bru. Feare not my Lord, *Lucina* plaies her part,
And wooes apace in *Solymans* behalfe.
Soli. Then *Brusor* come, and with some few men,
Lets saile to Rhodes with all conuenient speede,
For till I fould *Perseda* in mine armes,
My troubled eares are deft with loues alarmes. *Exeunt.*
Enter Perseda, Lucina, *and* Basiliſco.

Per. Now signior *Basiliſco*, which like you,
The Turkiſh or our nation beſt?

Baſi. That which your ladiſhip will haue me like,

Luci. I am deceiued but you were circumciſed,

Baſi. Indeed I was a little cut in the porpuſe.

Per. What meanes made you to ſteale back to Rhodes?

Baſi. The mightie pinckanyed brand bearing God,
To whom I am ſo long true ſeruitour,
When he eſpyde my weeping flouds of teares,
For your depart, he bad me follow him:
I followed him, he with his fier brand,
Parted the ſeas, and we came ouer drie-ſhod.

Luci. A matter not vnlikely: but how chance,
Your turkiſh bonet is not on your head?

Baſi. Becauſe I now am Chriſtian againe,
And that by naturall meanes, for as
The old Cannon ſaies very pretily,
Nihill eſt tam naturali, quod eo modo colligatum eſt.
And ſo foorth: ſo I became a Turke to follow her,
To follow her, am now returnd a Chriſtian.

Enter Piſton.

Piſt. O Lady and miſtris, weepe and lament,
And wring your hands, for my maiſter
Is condemnd and executed.

Luci. Be patient ſweete *Perſeda*, the foole but ieſts.

Per. Ah no, wy nightly dreames foretould me this,
Which fooliſh woman fondly I neglected,
But ſay, what death dyed my poore *Eraſtus*?

Piſt. Nay, God be praiſd, his death was reaſonable,
He was but ſtrangled.

Per. But ſtrangled, ah double death to me:
But ſay, wherefore was he condemnd to die?

Piſt. For nothing but high treaſon.

Per. What treaſon, or by whom was he condemnd?

Piſt. Faith two great knights of the poſt, ſwore vpon the Alcaron, that he would haue firde the Turkes Fleete,

Per. Was *Bruſor* by?

Piſton

Poston. I.

Perse. And Soliman?

Pist. No, but I saw where he stood,
To heere and see the matter well conuaid.

Per. Accursed *Soliman*, prophane Alcaron:
Lucina, came thy husband to this end?
To leade a lambe vnto the slaughter-house,
Hast thou for this in *Solimans* behalfe?
With cunning words tempted my chastitie?
Thou shalt abie for both your trecheries,
It must be so, *Basilisco* dooest thou loue me, speake.

Bas. I more then I loue either life or soule,
What shall I stab the Emperour for thy sake.

Per. No, but *Lucina*, if thou louest me kill her.

Then Basilisco *takes a dagger & feeles vpon the point of it.*

Bas. The point will marre her skin.

Per. What darest thou not, giue me the dagger then,
Theres a reward for all thy treasons past,

Then Perseda *kils* Lucina.

Bas. Yet dare I beare her hence, to do thee good:

Per. No let her lye, a prey to rauening birds:
Nor shall her death alone suffice for his,
Rhodes now shall be no longer *Solymans*,
Weele fortifie our walles, and keepe the towne,
In spight of proud insulting *Soliman*,
I know the letcher hopes to haue my loue,
And first *Perseda* shall with this hand die,
Then yeeld to him, and liue in infamie. *Exeunt.*

Manet Basilisco.

Bas. I will ruminate. Death which the Poets
Faine to be pale and meager:
Hath depriued *Erastus* trunke from breathing vitalitie,
A braue Cauelere, but my approoued foeman.
Let me see: where is that *Alcides*, surnamed *Hercules*,
The onely Club man of his time? dead.
Where is the eldest sonne of *Priam*?
That abraham-couloured Troion: dead.

VVhere is the leader of the Mirmidons,
That well knit *Accill*: dead.
VVhere is that furious *Aiax*, the sonne of *Telamon*
Or that fraudfull squire of *Ithaca*, iclipt *Vlisses*? dead.
Where is tipsie *Alexander*, that great cupcon querour,
Or *Pompey* that braue warriour? dead:
I am my selfe strong, but I confesse death to be stronger,
I am valiant, but mortall,
I am adorned with natures gifts,
A giddie goddesse, that now giueth and anon taketh,
I am wise, but quiddits will not answer death:
To conclude in a word, to be captious, vertuous, ingenious,
Or to be nothing when it pleaseth death to be cuuious.
The great Turque, whose seat is Constantinople,
Hath beleagred Rhodes, whose chiefetaine is a woman.
I could take the rule vpon me,
But the shrub is safe when the Cedar shaketh:
I loue *Perseda* as one worthie,
But I loue *Basiliseo* as one I hould more worthy.
My fathers sonne, my mothers solace, my proper selfe.
Faith he can doe little that cannot speake,
And he can do lesse that cannot runne away:
Then sith mans life is as a glasse, and a phillip may cracke it,
Mine is no more, and a bullet may pearce it:
Therefore I will play least in sight. *Exit.*

Enter Soliman, Brusor, *with Ianisaries.*

Soli. The gates are shut, which prooues that Rhodes reuolts,
And that *Perseda* is not *Solimans*:
Ah *Brusor* see where thy *Lucina* lyes,
Butcherd dispightfully without the walles.
Bru. Vnkinde *Perseda*, couldst thou vse her so?
And yet we vsd *Perseda* little better.
Soli. Nay gentle *Brusor* stay thy teares a while,
Least with thy woes thou spoile my commedie,
And all too soone be turnd to Tragedies.
Go *Brusor*, beare her to thy priuate tent,
Where we at leasure will lament her death,

And

And with her teares bewaile her obsequies:
For yet *Perseda* liues for *Soliman*,
Drum sound a parle, were it not for her,
I would sacke the towne ere I would sound a parle.

The Drum soundes a parle.

Perseda *comes vpon the Walles in mans apparell*
Basilisco *and* Piston, *vpon the Walles.*

Per. At whose intreatie is this parle sounded?
Soli. At our intreatie, therefore yeeld the towne.
Per. Why what art thou that boldlie bids vs yeeld?
Soli. Great *Soliman*, Lord of all the world.
Per. Thou art not Lord of all, Rhodes is not thine,
Soli. It was, and shall be maugre who saies no.
Per. I that say no will neuer see it thine.
Soli. Why what art thou that dares resist my force.
Per. A Gentleman and thy mortall enemie,
And one that dares thee to the single combate.
Soli. First tell me doth *Perseda* liue or no?
Per. She liues to see the wrack of *Soliman*.
Soli. Then Ile combate thee what ere thou art.
Perse. And in *Erastus* name Ile combate thee,
And heere I promise thee on my Christian faith,
Then will I yeeld *Perseda* to thy hands,
That if thy strength shall ouer match my right,
To vse, as to thy liking it shall seeme best,
But ere I come to enter single fight,
First let my tongue vtter my hearts dispight,
And thus my tale begins: thou wicked tirant,
Thou murtherer, accursed Homicide,
For whome hell gapes, and all the vgly feindes,
Doe waite for to receiue thee in their iawes,
Ah periur'd and inhumaine Soliman,
How could thy heart harbour a wicked thought?
Against the spotlesse life of poore *Erastus*?
Was he not true? would thou hadst been as iust.
Was he not valiant? would thou hadst been as vertuous,
Was he not loyall? would thou hadst been as louing,

Ah wicked tirant in that one mans death,
Thou hast betraide the flower of Christendome,
Dyed he because his worth obscured thine?
In slaughtering him thy vertues are defamed,
Didst thou mildoe him, in hope to win *Perseda*?
Ah foolish man, therein thou art deceiued,
For though she liue, yet will she nere liue thine,
Which to approoue, Ile come to combate thee.

Sol. Iniurious foule mouth'd Knight, my wrathfull arme
Shall chastice and rebuke these iniuries.

Then Perseda *comes downe to* Soliman, *and*
Basiliſco *and* Piſton.

Piſt. I but heare you, are you so fooliſh to fight with him?

Baſ. I ſirra, why not, as long as I ſtand by?

Soli. Ile not defend *Eraſtus* innocence,
But thee in maintaining *Perſedas* beautie,

Then they fight, Soliman *kils* Perſeda.

Per. I now I lay *Perſeda* at thy feete,
But wih thy hand firſt wounded to the death,
Now ſhall the world report that *Soliman*,
Slew *Eraſtus* in hope to win *Perſeda*,
And murdred her for louing of her husband.

Soli. What my *Perſeda*, all that haue I done,
Yet kiſſe me gentle loue before thou die,

Per. A kiſſe I graunt thee though I hate thee deadlie,

Soli. I loued thee dearelie and accept thy kiſſe,
Why didſt thou loue *Eraſtus* more then me,
Or why didſt thou not giue *Soliman* a kiſſe
Ere this vnhappy time, then hadſt thou liued:

Baſ. Ah let me kiſſe thee to before I dye.

Then Soliman *kils* Baſiliſco.

Soli. Nay die thou ſhalt for thy preſumption,
For kiſſing her whome I doe hold ſo deare.

Piſt. I will not kiſſe her ſir, but giue me leaue
To weepe ouer her, for while ſhe liued,
She loued me dearely, and I loued her.

Sol. If thou didſt loue her villaine as thou ſaidſt,

Then

Then wait on her thorough eternall night.

Then Soliman *kils* Piston.

Ah *Perseda*, how shall I mourne for thee?
Faire springing Rose, ill pluckt before thy time.
Ah heauens that hitherto haue smilde on me,
Why doe you vnkindly lowre on *Solyman*?
The losse of halfe my Realmes, nay crownes decay,
Could not haue prickt so neere vnto my heart,
As doth the losse of my *Persedaes* life:
And with her life, I likewise loose my loue,
And with her loue my hearts felicitie,
Euen for *Erastus* death, the heauens haue plagued me.
Ah no the heauens did neuer more accurse me,
Then when they made me Butcher of my loue,
Yet iustly how can I condemne my selfe,
When *Brusor* liues, that was the cause of all.
Come *Brusor*, helpe to lift her body vp,
Is she not faire?

Bru. Euen in the houre of death.

Soli. Was she not constant?

Bru. As firme as are the poles whereon heauen lyes.

Soli. Was she not chaste?

Bru. As is *Pandora* or *Dianaes* thoughts, —

Soli. Then tell me (his treasons set aside)
What was *Erastus* in thy opinion?

Bru. Faire spoken, wise, courteous, and liberall:
Kinde, euen to his foes, gentle and affable,
And all, in all, his deeds heroyacall.

Soli. Ah, was he so: how durst thou then vngratious counseller,
First cause me murther such a worthy man,
And after tempt so vertuous a woman,
Be this therefore the last that ere thou speake:
Ianisaries, take him straight vnto the block,
Off with his head, and suffer him not to speake.

Exit Brusor.

And now *Perseda*, heere I lay me downe,
And on thy beautie still contemplate,

Vntill mine eyes shall surfet by my gasing:
But stay let me see what paper is this.

Then he takes vp a paper, and reedes in it as follow.

Tyrant my lips were sawst with deadly poyson,
To plague thy hart that is so full of poyson.

What am I poisoned? then Ianisaries,
Let me see Rhodes recouered ere I die,
Souldiers, assaule the towne on euery side,
Spoile all, kill all, let none escape your furie,

Sound an alarum to the fight.

Say Captaine, is Rhodes recouered againe.

Capt. It is my Lord, and stoopes to *Solyman*.

Soli. Yet that alayes the furie of my paine,
Before I die, for doubtlesse die I must,
I, fates, iniurious fates, haue so decreed,
For now I feele the poyson gins to worke,
And I am weake euen to the very death,
Yet something more contentedly I dye,
For that my death was wrought by her deuise,
Who liuing was my ioy, whose death my woe:
Ah Ianisaries now dyes your Emperour,
Before his age hath seene his mellowed yeares,
And if you euer loued your Emperour,
Affright me not with sorrowes and laments,
And when my soule from body shall depart,
Trouble me not, but let me passe in peace,
And in your silence let your loue be showne:
My last request for I commaund no more,
Is that my body, with *Perseda's* be,
Interd, where my *Erastus* lyes intombed,
And let one Epitaph containe vs all:
Ah now I feele the paper tou'd me true,
The poison is disperst through euere vaine,
And boyles like Etna in my frying guts,
Forgiue me deere *Erastus* my vnkindnes

haue reuengd thy deaths with many deaths,
And sweete *Perseda* flie not *Soliman*,
When as my gliding ghost shall follow thee,
With eager moode, thorow eternall night:
And now pale Death sits on my panting soule,
And with reuenging ire dooth tyrannise.
And sayes for *Solimans* too much amisse,
This day shall be the peryod of my blisse. *Exeunt.*

Then Soliman *dyes, and they carry him forth with silence.*

Enter Chorus.

Fortune. I gaue *Erastus* woe and miserie,
Amidst his greatest ioy and iollitie.

Loue. But I that haue power in earth and heauen aboue,
Iung them both with neuer failing loue,

Death. But I bereft them both of loue and life.

Loue. Of life, but not of loue, for euen in death,
Their soules are knit, though bodyes be disioynd,
Thou didst but wound their flesh, their minds are free,
Their bodies buried, yet they honour me.

Death. Hence fooliſh *Fortune*, and thou wanton *Loue*,
Your deeds are trifles, mine of consequence.

For. I giue worlds happines, and woes increase.

Loue. By ioyning persons, I increase the world.

Death. By wasting all, I conquer all the world,
And now to end our difference at last,
In this last act, note but the deedes of Death,
Where is *Erastus* now but in my triumph?
Where are the murtherers but in my triumph?
Wheres Iudge and witnesse but in my triumph?
Wheres false *Lucina* but in my triumph?
Wheres faire *Perseda* but in my triumph?
Wheres *Basiliſco* but in my triumph?
Wheres faithfull *Piſton* but in my triumph?
Wheres valiant *Bruſor* but in my triumph?
And wheres great *Soliman* but in my triumph?
Their loues and fortune ended with their liues,

And they must waite vpon the Carre of Death:
Packe *Loue* and *Fortune*, play in Commedies,
For powerfull Death best fitteth Tragedies.

Loue. I go, yet *Loue* shall neuer yeeld to *Death*.

Exit Loue.

Death. But *Fortune* shall, for when I waste the world,
Then times and kingdomes *Fortunes* shall decay.

For. Meane time will *Fortune* gouerne as she may.

Exit Fortune.

Death. I, now will *Death* in his most haughtie pride,
Fetch his imperiall Carre from deepest hell.
And ride in triumph through the wicked world,
Sparing none but sacred *Cynthias* friend,
VVhom *Death* did feare before her life began,
For holy fates haue grauen it in their tables,
That *Death* shall die, if he attempt her end,
Whose life is heauens delight and *Cynthias* friend.

FINIS.

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